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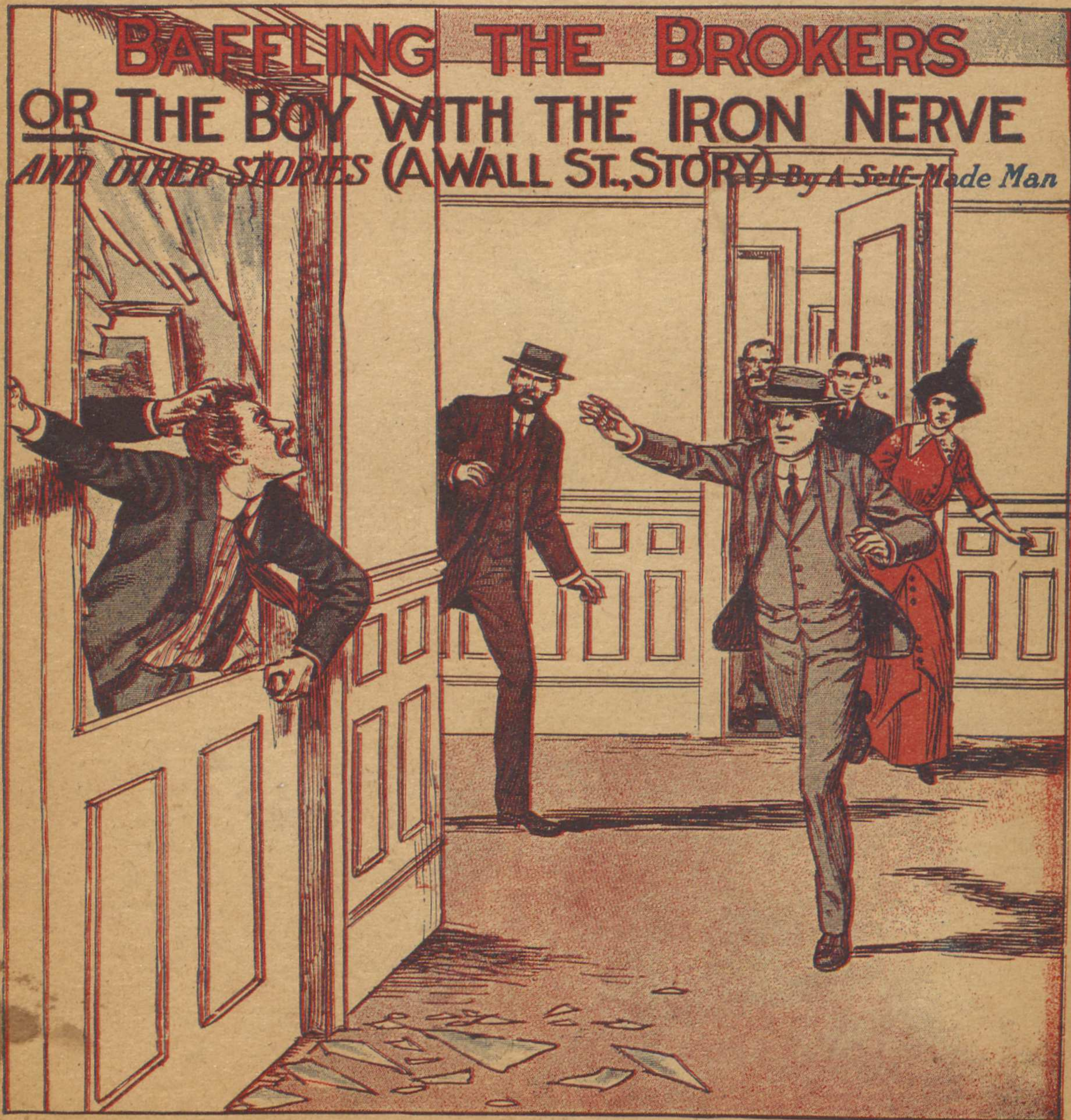
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FORTUNE WEEKLY.

New York City
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

BAFFLING THE BROKERS
OR THE BOY WITH THE IRON NERVE
AND OTHER STORIES (A WALL ST. STORY) By A Self-Made Man



A sudden uproar in one of the offices, followed by a tremendous crash of glass, which awakened the echoes of the corridors, and Dick saw a man's head and shoulders protrude through the jagged opening for an instant and were then pulled back.

~~Frank Cross~~
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New York City,
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NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1922

Price 7 Cents

BAFFLING THE BROKERS

OR, THE BOY WITH THE IRON NERVE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

162 Lewis Street,
New York City,
New York

CHAPTER I.—The Boy With the Iron Nerve.

"Dick," said Broker Packard, sticking his head outside the door of his private office, "I want to see you."

Dick Barret left his desk in the little counting-room where he and the white-headed bookkeeper, Edward Flint, represented the whole of the office force, and entered the private office.

"Sit down, Dick," said his employer, kindly. "To-morrow will be Saturday."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, wondering what was coming.

"It will be the last day of April, too, and my lease expires. I have not renewed it, and this small suite is for rent."

"Are you going to give up business, sir?"

"Yes. I am not making my salt, and I have hardly any capital to fall back on."

"That's too bad," said the boy, soberly.

"Well, it's the fortune of Wall Street. I've been in the Street as a trader for thirty years, and though I've had my bumps, I managed to pull through until that unfortunate slump of last fall practically wiped me out. I was treated to a tip on Southern Railway, and I went the limit on the stock, expecting to come out a big winner. Everything looked lovely until unexpected opposition was developed by a bear clique with a raft of money. The combine broke the market, as you remember, and I, with many others, was ruined. I effected a settlement, but my seat in the Exchange had to go. I should have retired then, as most brokers of my age would have done under the circumstances, since it was impossible for me to go on as I had been doing. I chose to stick to the firing line, reducing my office to these two small rooms, and my working force to you and Mr. Flint. Since then you have been assistant bookkeeper, stenographer and messenger combined, and you haven't been overworked at that. Well, the end has come. I shall sell the contents of these rooms to a dealer to-morrow for what they will fetch, and Monday you will go to work for Mr. Brown, in the Pellew Building. He has promised to take you on. Here is a letter you can take around to him now. He wants to see you."

"Thank you for placing me, sir, but I guess I won't take the job."

"Why not?" said the old broker in some surprise. "Have you something else in view?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had an idea I was going out of business?"

"Yes, sir. I knew you had not renewed the lease, and that was a pretty fair indication that you were not going to continue. I also knew that the office was not paying expenses, and as you apparently had no capital to speculate with, in the hope of recouping things, why, I expected you would quit."

"Yes," nodded the broker. "I told the agent to rent the offices."

"The suite was rented two days after you declined to renew the lease."

"Indeed! How do you know? I heard of no one looking at the rooms, and the agent said nothing to me on the subject. I saw him this morning, and he did not hint that a new tenant was coming to take possession on Monday."

"The new lease had a clause giving you the right to stay here for one month or longer if you wanted to."

Broker Packard looked surprised.

"I can't understand that," he said. "It isn't usual. Do you know who the new tenant is?"

"Yes, sir. He wishes to be of service to you if he can."

"That is very kind of him, I am sure. I must know him. Will you tell me his name?"

"Richard Barrett."

"What's that? Richard Barrett! Why, that's your name."

"Yes, sir. I am the tenant."

Broker Packard stared at Dick as one who was not sure he had heard aright.

"You are the tenant—you?"

"I am. I leased these rooms for one year from the first of May coming. The rent is the same that you are paying. I am responsible for it. If you want to keep on for a week, a month, or the whole term, you are privileged to do so by paying the rent to the agent. He holds one month's rent from me, and a guarantee from a friend of mine that he will get the entire year's rental. I had the clause inserted in the lease for your benefit. If you don't want to avail yourself of it, I will buy your furniture and fittings as they stand for the figure any dealer will offer you. I think that is fair," said Dick.

"For gracious sake, my boy, what do you want with this office? What business are you going to run here? Have you secured a financial backer, or have you unexpectedly come into money or the prospect of money?"

"Mr. Flint and I have gone into a provisional partnership. I am to furnish the capital, he the experience. He will draw his wages and five per cent. of whatever profits are earned. I get the rest and take all the risk. That's the scheme in a nut-shell."

"Then you propose to continue this business?"

"If you give it up, we do; otherwise we'll wait till you do."

"But if I can't make anything out of it, how do you hope to do better?"

"I am young, ambitious, and some people have been so kind as to say I have an iron nerve. Probably you will feel inclined to coincide with them after what I have told you. At any rate, I think an infusion of young blood may have a reviving effect on this office. Mr. Flint is hardly in the position to retire without a pension, old as he is, and it would be a shame for him and his wife to be thrown out on the cold charity of a world devoid of sentiment. It is probably a business weakness on my part to consider the old gentleman's situation when making my plans; but I guess he will be useful enough to me to carry him along, so I don't think I am likely to lose anything by the arrangement."

"A man doesn't pass through sixty-five years of life without being astonished once in a while, but I must say that I have never been so astonished as I am at this moment. I trust you have in some way secured the capital necessary for carrying out your plans, or at least giving them a fair trial. You ought to have at least \$10,00, but you might get on with less, though at a risk."

"My capital is not worrying me. I possess more than twice the sum you have mentioned, and, what is more, I made it all myself."

"How did you make it?"

"Speculating for the last year and a half in the market."

"You have been speculating?"

"Yes, sir. While you have been unlucky in your more important deals I have been the reverse."

"But where did you get the funds to begin with?"

"I started to save my pennies to accumulate a stake. It was slow work, for, as you know, I am an orphan who came to you without prospects. I had to support myself on my wages, and as it takes money to do that in this city, I didn't have much left when pay-day came around again. I managed to get \$20 together in an uptown bank, and that \$20 is still there with a small added interest. My chances of getting in on a stock speculation were looking very slight, when one day I came across a lonesome looking pocketbook in the street with \$100 in it. Not being able to find the owner, I appropriated the money, and soon afterwards put it up on ten shares of A. & B. with the little bank on Nassau street. The price boomed, and I sold out \$150 to the good. That was the beginning. The other day I was able to buy 1,000 shares of N. & O. I had a sure tip from an operator who feels under great obligations to me. Of course, you know that N. & O. was the sensation of the market during the first part of this week. I sold out on Wednesday and cleared between \$15,-

000 and \$16,000. Eighteen months ago I was worth just \$20. Now, \$28,000, plus the iron nerve I am credited with, ought to enable me to do something with this office. What do you think about it?"

"I think you are a remarkable young man. I never dreamed you were speculating on the outside."

"Well, sir, if you want to continue on a while longer, I see nothing to prevent it, for I'm in no rush to open up, but if you don't I will arrange with you to-morrow about taking over the office."

"I have decided to quit. I want to go South for my health, or I may go to the Bermudas. My resources are sufficient to see me through with my wife for the rest of my life and hers, but, of course, we will have to live within my income. I trust you will succeed in building the business up. Mr. Flint will be a great help to you, for he has been in my employ for over twenty years, and he knows as much about the business as half of the brokers. You can rely on him in every way. I intended assisting him while he was trying to get another position, but now that you have taken him up, that will be unnecessary."

As there was nothing further to say, Dick left the private room, and for the next fifteen minutes was in consultation with the aged bookkeeper, then he returned to his desk and went on with his work. The office was usually closed at half-past twelve on Saturday. Next day it was open all the afternoon, though no business was done. Dick and Mr. Flint helped Mr. Packard gather together such effects as he intended to remove to his house. One large bundle was made of most of them, which Dick was to take to the express office on Monday. After going over the office resources that were to become Dick's property, it was agreed that they were worth \$600, and the boy paid for them. The transfer included the right to use Mr. Packard's name on the door and on the office stationery, preceded by Dick's name and the words "successor to," if he wished to. Before Mr. Packard was wiped out of the Exchange his name would have been worth considerable to a success, and his business, independent of his Exchange seat, would have fetched a comfortable sum. Now, however, the name of Packard was more of a recollection than anything else. There was no magic in it as a producer of custom, but it might serve to bolster up a newcomer, just as the foundation of a building destroyed by fire has its advantages if one intends to rebuild on the same lines. Dick viewed the matter in that light, and before he went home at five o'clock a sign painter made the office door read as follows: "Richard Barrett, successor to Norton Packard, Stocks and Bonds. Curb stocks dealt in."

CHAPTER II.—The Boy Refuses to Bite.

When Dick appeared on Monday morning he found the red-headed office boy of the firm next door on the right, studying the altered appearance of the door sign.

"Hello, Mickey, you seem interested," said Dick.

"What's this mean? That's your name, isn't it?" said Mickey.

"I have always been of the opinion that it is."
 "Have you bought out your boss?" said Mickey, derisively.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"On what—hot air?"

"No; iron nerve."

"That's right. You have got a nerve. Expect to run the office yourself?"

"Yes. Want a job as office boy?"

"Say, who do you think you're talkin' to?"

"I thought maybe you'd like to make a change."

"Aw, rats! Say, how can you ran a brokerage office? You're nothin' but a cheap clerk and messenger."

"You mean I was," said Dick, pleasantly. "I am now a broker."

"A healthy broker you'll make. Where did you get the money to buy out your boss?"

"I found it lying around loose," said Dick, opening his door and entering his office. Five minutes later the old book-keeper arrived. Dick was in the private room with the door open, arranging the desk in there to his satisfaction. The book-keeper opened the safe and got to work, after wishing Dick good-morning. An old customer who had stuck to Broker Packard came in. He had noticed the addition to the sign on the door, and asked Flint if Mr. Packard had gone out of business. He was told that he had. A broker on the floor, also observing the change in the sign, came in and asked who Mr. Packard's successor was.

"I never heard of him," he said. "He's a new-comer to Wall Street, I guess."

"No, he's been in Wall Street for about three years," said Flint.

"Not as a broker."

"No. He was employed by Mr. Packard up to yesterday."

"I thought you and the boy were the only ones employed here?"

"It's the boy who has succeeded Mr. Packard."

"I guess you're joking," scoffed the visitor.

"No, I'm not. It's a fact. He's in the private room. Go in and ask him."

The broker, whose name was Hull, concluded to do so. Dick was at his desk, reading a Wall Street daily. Hull stared at him.

"Have you bought out this business?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"What do you intend to do with this office?"

"Run it."

"Well, you've got an iron nerve, you have."

"So I have been told before," smiled the young trader.

"Why, you're only a boy."

"That's right."

"We don't have boy brokers in Wall Street."

"You have one now for a change."

"Well, I see your finish."

"You have pretty good eyesight."

The broker pulled at his mustache and glared.

"You seem to think yourself clever," he said.

"It takes a clever person to hold his own in Wall Street."

"And you expect to do that, I suppose?"

"I shall try my best to do it. By the way, whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"My name is Hull."

"I remember seeing your name on one of the

doors. Whenever you have too many customers, send the overflow in to me."

"I will make a note of your request," said the trader, sarcastically. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Mr. Hull. Drop in again."

On his way to his office Hull met another broker who had an office on the floor. He told him that Mr. Packard had retired from business, and that his office boy had stepped into his shoes.

"Don't give me anything like that," said the other.

"If you don't believe me, go in there and see."

Hull disappeared into his office, and the other broker walked over and read Dick's name as successor of Packard. He opened the door and looked in. Two customers and the old book-keeper were in the room. He closed the door and went to his office. During the day word got around Wall Street that Packard had retired from the Street and was succeeded by his office boy. This piece of news was received as a good joke, and very little credence put in it. In the meanwhile, Hull, having a quantity of slow-moving, and also some comparatively valueless stock, concluded to see if he couldn't unload some of it on the boy broker. He called on Dick about half-past three.

"Are you buying anything, young man?"

"Yes, sir. I buy the morning and evening papers, my lunch, and occasionally a few other things," replied Dick.

"Huh! I mean are you buying any stocks for investment?"

"Not at present. When prices get low enough I may buy something."

"That's the proper thing to do. Always buy low. I've got just the thing you want. Little Giant Mining. It's going at ten cents. That's low enough, eh?"

"What do you call the high-water mark on that proposition?"

"I should say fifty cents."

"When did Little Giant sell at that?"

"I don't recall now. But ten cents is way below its value."

"Think so?"

"I'm certain of it. You can't do better than take the block of \$10,000 I have in my office."

"I'd rather not. Mr. Packard left me a few thousand shares of it that he found it impossible to get rid of even at a nickel a share."

Hull was rather taken aback. The stock was quoted at ten cents, and had been for six months, but nobody wanted it in Wall Street. That is why he was anxious to get rid of it. He thought the boy might be induced to bite at it. Dick, however, was on to the stock.

"I can't sell you any, then?" he said in a disappointed tone.

"No, sir."

"How would you like some Jupiter Consolidated at 15 cents? Cheap as dirt, and going up."

"Going up the flume, I guess. Why, that's another dead one. Haven't you anything that's alive in your collection?"

"What's the matter with Jupiter Consolidated? It's a good stock."

"It's good—for nothing. Don't offer me a lot of wildcats. I am not starting a menagerie."

"Do you call Jupiter Consolidated a wildcat? It's a regular mine—a producer."

"I never heard of it producing anything but a lot of disgusted stockholders."

"I guess you don't know much about mines."

"No? As I've been keeping track of them for a year or more, I have a pretty correct idea of what are the good ones, what the indifferent, and what the bad ones are. I've got a scrap-book here which contains a record of all the mines that are worth investing in, and a number that are not. If you want me to show you the latest information about Little Giant and Jupiter Consolidated, I'll do it with pleasure."

Hull saw that the boy broker was right up to snuff, so he did not appear very anxious to see the information which he had no doubt was correct.

"I guess I can't do any business with you," he said.

"Not with those stocks, you can't. What else have you that you want to get rid of?"

Hull was afraid to make any other offers lest they meet with the same fate, for he had nothing good that he wanted to get rid of. He finally retired with a better opinion of Dick than when he entered his office, and the boy laughed quietly when he went away.

"I guess he took me for an easy mark when he stepped in here, but I'll bet he knows better now. He thought he could unload some of that dead timber on me. He'll have to try some one else—somebody who isn't posted," and Dick picked up his paper and went on reading.

CHAPTER III.—The Man With the Weather-Beaten Face.

At half-past twelve Dick went to lunch. While he was out he heard some brokers talking about D. & G. One of them remarked that his brother-in-law, who was secretary of the company, had tipped him off to a rise in the price of the stock.

"What reason did he give for it?" asked one of the others.

"He said the stock was being cornered by the Bishop combine, and that I might expect to see it rise twelve or fifteen points inside of ten days," replied the other.

"Do you think his information is to be relied upon?"

"I do. I have had tips from him before, and they always turned out winners."

"You want us to go in with you and form a pool?"

"That's the idea. The stock is going at 90. If we put up \$90,000 apiece we can get 4,000 shares, and by hypothecating the certificates at my bank we will get enough to buy 3,000 more, perhaps. If the amount runs shy we can advance the difference. Then we can hypothecate the 3,000 and buy 2,000 more. My idea is to secure \$10,000 shares, on which we ought to clean up a profit of at least \$30,000 apiece."

The brokers, after a talk, agreed to go into the pool. Dick was so impressed by what he had heard that before he went back to the office he called on a broker friend named Warren and give him an order to buy 1,500 D. & G. at 90 on margin, putting up \$15,000 security. When he returned to the office he told old man Flint

what he had done, and his reason for doing it. "It's something of a risk," said Flint, wagging his white head doubtfully.

"Nothing ventured nothing won, Mr. Flint," said Dick. "Suppose I clear \$15,000, you'll get \$750, according to the terms of our agreement. That will be a nice little plum for you, and I fancy you'll get many of them before you get too old to hold your end up here. At any rate, you should make enough to place you beyond the reach of want in your old age."

"You are very generous to me, Dick," said the old man, gratefully; "but I'd rather lose the money than have you lose any of yours."

"You've been a good friend to me, Mr. Flint, since I came to work for Mr. Packard, and I appreciate the fact. That's why I'm trying to square the obligation."

"It isn't the way of the world, Dick."

"Well, it's my way. You're not dealing with the world now, but with me."

"Your way is certainly very satisfactory to me. Before you proposed the arrangement I saw a hard struggle ahead to keep myself and my invalid wife out of the poor-house, for though I am still a capable book-keeper, and well up in Wall Street matters, employers nowadays look askance at old men. They don't want what they term has-beens in their offices. It wasn't so when I was a boy. Then old men who had always done their duty, and still were able to make a showing, were respected for their experience, and kept at work. Now the younger element controls the situation everywhere. Gray hairs are a handicap when one is looking for a position, and are a handicap even when one is employed. He is more closely watched, and the boss is quick to detect the slightest falling off in his speed."

"That's because competition has keyed things up. Business is running now at concert pitch. Every part of the machine must keep pace or it is thrown out of gear. A man slows up with age. You know that. You can't move around as well as you did five years ago. The change has come on so imperceptibly that you don't notice it, probably, but I can see a great difference in your speed from what it was when I started in with Mr. Packard, and that's only three years ago. Then you were doubtless slower than you were three years before that. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Flint, but you might as well know the truth, particularly as it is not hurting you while you are with me. In fact, I think you will do better with me than you have ever done in your life before."

"But if I can't earn this money you are favoring me with, it is hardly fair for you to give it to me," said the old man.

"Don't you worry about that. You may not earn it by the work you will do for me with your hands, but I think you will earn it through your experience, which I need in this business. Look at it from that standpoint and you will understand the situation better. The general run of brokers do not need your experience. They have no use for a man like you except as a cog in their establishment. If you can't get up enough steam to keep the cog on the hum, there you are. In this office I regard you as something more than a cog. As a cog you can run slow because at present there is not enough bus-

iness to keep you very busy. I have no reason to believe that your experienced brain is not equal to all demands I may make upon it. At any rate I have to rely on it, and hence the five per cent. bonus. So, my friend, there is no charity in this thing at all. You have had fifty years of actual experience in Wall Street, from office boy to cashier. You are selling that experience, plus your sterling integrity, for a five per cent. interest in the profits. Don't you think it's worth it?"

"Most employers don't argue as you do. They want all they can get for as low a figure as possible. I never heard of an old man like me being offered five or even one per cent. of the profits of a business for his experience. If he was able to work as good as a younger man his experience counted for something in making his job secure, otherwise not."

"I think we won't argue the matter any longer. It is past your lunch hour. Go out and fill up, then you'll feel better," said Dick, slapping the old man lightly on the back.

"You're a good boy, Dick, and I hope some day you'll become a millionaire. I will serve you faithfully as long as you have any use for my hands or my experience. When you can get along without me I'll be content to go. I'd rather not think I was a clog on your hands even if I needed the money. I can't live many years more, so I guess I will be able to worry along to the end somehow, only I wouldn't like to see my dear old wife suffer at the fag end," he said, his voice breaking.

"Neither you nor your wife shall suffer as long as I have a dollar, Mr. Flint," said Dick, with emphasis. "Paste that in your hat."

The boy broker walked toward his room and the old book-keeper, after looking at him a moment, turned away, put on his hat and left the office. Dick, through his book-keeper, took several orders that day, and the boy carried them over to Broker Warren to execute for him under an arrangement entered into between them. Dick was returning to his office about a quarter of five, when an incident happened that had some bearing on his fortunes. A sudden uproar in one of the offices, followed by a tremendous crash of glass, awakened the echoes of the corridors, and Dick saw a man's head and shoulders protrude through the jagged opening for an instant and was then pulled back. Dick ran toward the office, and reached it in time to see a struggle going on between two men. He turned the handle of the fractured door and found it fast. The smash and uproar had attracted attention from the other offices where the clerks were preparing to go home, and the corridor was presently alive with excited employees.

The wreck of the glass pane had been almost complete. Only jagged particle of the glass remained, sticking out from the sides, top and bottom. Dick removed the pieces at the bottom and, springing into the room, grabbed both combatants and tried to separate them. This was beyond his strength, however.

"Help me secure this man," said the better dressed of the two. "He tried to kill me."

As the other man had a wild and desperate look on his weather-beaten face, the boy's sentiments naturally turned against him, and he

seized hold of him. Between him and the well-dressed man, whom Dick regarded as the tenant of the office, the struggling and panting chap was forced into a chair and held. The corridor outside the broken door was filled up with a sea of forms and faces, all eager to learn what the trouble was about. The prisoner had one of his fists closed, and the well-dressed man reached for it. The panting man threw his hand behind the chair, struck Dick over the hip, and slipped past his side pocket.

"Don't let him rob me," implored the prisoner.

"He has a paper belonging to me. He stole it, and it's in his hand. Help me get it from him," said the well-dressed man, with eager intensity.

Believing the man's statement, Dick proceeded to help him. The prisoner struggled violently, and Dick felt a tug at his pocket. Finally the man's closed fist was brought around in front, and the well-dressed man forced it open while the boy held the chap's arm. Nothing was in the man's hand.

"He's dropped it. Look at the floor," said the other.

Dick looked, but could not see anything resembling a piece of paper.

"I don't see it," he said.

"Maybe he's got it in his other hand," said the well-dressed man.

The other hand had nothing in it.

"Hold him while I search him. Hold him tight, for he's desperate."

The prisoner put up no struggle while he was being searched, acting as if he was exhausted, so Dick had no trouble in holding him in the chair.

"What have you done with that paper?" roared the well-dressed man, when the search failed to reveal the paper in question.

"I've swallowed it," said the prisoner, with a ghastly grin. "It's lost to both of us now."

"I don't believe it," cried the other, furiously.

He renewed his search of the man's clothes, but with no result. The prisoner offered no resistance.

"Yank him out of the chair," said the well-dressed man.

"I'll get up without yanking," he said, rising.

The man who was after the paper looked the seat of the chair over, but nothing was there. As the object of all the trouble had calmed down and seemed likely to make no more trouble, Dick let go of him.

"Don't let him leave the room till I have found that paper," said the well-dressed man, starting for the private office, and looking the floor over as he went.

"Say, sonny, you have made a mistake in helping that man. He is a big rascal. The paper is my property. It holds a secret he wants to deprive me of," said the man with the weather-beaten face.

"I don't know about that. That man is the tenant of this office, and his word is worth more than yours," said Dick.

"If you knew him as well as I do, you wouldn't think so. Do you work in this building?"

"My office is at the end of the corridor."

"Have you an office of your own?"

"I have."

"What's your name?"

"My name is Barrett."

"I want to see you before you go away."

"You see me now."

"I want to see you in private."

"What for?" asked Dick, suspiciously.

"About that paper."

"I thought you said you swallowed it. It hasn't been found on you or on the floor. Do you know where it is?"

"It's in my stomach, if it got that far," grinned the man.

"Then you did swallow it? Perhaps a stomach pump would bring it to light."

"As I chewed it to pieces, the paper wouldn't be worth much."

Here the well-dressed man came back looking mad and disappointed. Dick told him that the fellow had confessed he had chewed and swallowed the paper, under which circumstances he might give it up for good.

"I've beaten you," grinned the weather-beaten man.

The other uttered a furious imprecation.

"Well, if you have, you've beaten yourself, too. If you've destroyed the paper the secret is lost."

"I'd rather lose it than have you get it. If you'd been willing to do the square thing you'd have made money, now you're out of it altogether. When a man tries to act the hog, he ought to suffer for it."

"Get out of my office."

"I will when you open the door."

The well-dressed man took a key from his pocket, strode to the door and opened it, waving the curious spectators away.

"The play is over," he said, "you people can go."

He returned and grabbing the weather-beaten man, pushed him towards the door.

"Hold on, I want my hat," he protested.

The other rushed into his private office, picked up the visitor's hat and threw it at him.

"Take him to the elevator and see that he goes down," he said to Dick.

"That's right, sonny. Let's go," said the weather-beaten chap.

Dick accompanied him outside, with his hand on his arm. The crowd made way for them and looked after them as they started for the elevator, then the members of it melted away to their own offices.

CHAPTER IV.—The Proposition.

"Sonny, where did you say your office was?" said the man with the weather-beaten face.

"At the end of this corridor."

"Let's go there."

"Got something to say to me?"

"Yes."

"Then say it here."

"I'd rather not. It's important, and we are likely to be interrupted."

"I don't know whether I care to have you in my office. You kicked up a big rumpus in that man's office, and I don't want to have any trouble with you."

"There won't be any trouble between us, sonny."

I didn't start the trouble in Baker's office. He started it himself. He wanted to rob me, and you'll allow no man is going to stand that without making some kind of a protest."

"He said you tried to kill him."

"Why didn't he have me arrested, then? I couldn't have got away if he wanted to hold on to me. When he found I'd swallowed the paper, he didn't have any more use for me. It's about that paper I want to talk to you."

Dick hesitated. He didn't see why the man should want to see him about the paper.

"Why do you want to talk to me about it? I have no interest in it."

"I must take somebody into my confidence, and somehow or another I've taken a fancy to you in spite of the fact that you stood in with Baker against me. But I reckon that was the natural thing for you to do under the circumstances. He's a tenant of the building, while I'm only a stranger. If I hadn't been foxy enough to put the paper out of his reach, he'd have done me. I might have had him arrested, but his word would have been as good as mine in court—maybe better, and I'd have got no satisfaction. Anyway, he'd have had the secret, and as he has money and I ain't got any to speak of, it would be the only story—money always wins out."

"What good will it do to talk about the paper if you've destroyed it?"

"If you'll take me to your office I'll tell you. You won't regret it."

Dick's curiosity was aroused, and he decided to humor the man. He had a revolver in his desk, and if the stranger tried any funny business he guessed he could handle him. Besides, Mr. Flint hadn't gone home yet, and he would retain him till the interview was over. So Dick told the man to come to his office, and then went down the corridor together. Flint had the safe locked up and was all ready to go home.

"I'd like you to remain a short time, Mr. Flint, if you don't mind," said Dick.

His young employer's request was equivalent to an order to the old book-keeper, so he sat down and waited. Dick took the stranger into his room, leaving the door slightly ajar.

"Sit down, Mr. —. Perhaps you'll oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly, sonny. My name is Ted Coon. I'm from Gopher Flat, Colorado."

"Well, Mr. Coon, I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

"In the first place, I'll trouble you to put your hand in the right pocket of your jacket and hand me the piece of paper you will find there."

"What's that?" said Dick, putting his hand in his pocket and staring at his visitor.

He felt a piece of paper there, and drew it out. He was about to examine it to see what it was, when Coon stopped him.

"Don't look at it, sonny. Pass it over. That's the paper Baker was so anxious to get hold of. I didn't swallow it. I slipped it into your pocket, hoping my action would pass unnoticed. It did, and I now reclaim it," and the man took it out of Dick's fingers.

The boy broker felt like a person who had been buncoed.

"You say that's your property?"

"Yes, sonny."

"The man you call Baker claimed it, too, if I remember rightly."

"I reckon he'd claim the earth if he thought it would do him any good."

"What evidence have you to show that the paper is yours?"

"What's written inside it is in my handwriting, and I guess a man can prove his own handwriting."

"Yes, he ought to be able to do that easy enough."

"My writing ain't anything to brag about. If you'll hand me a pad and a pen I'll produce a sample of it and you can compare it with a part of the writing on this paper. As I've got something of importance to tell you, I reckon we ought to start right."

Coon wrote several sentences, then folding the paper which had been the cause of the late disturbance, laid it under his writing. The writing on both was the same, and Dick admitted it.

"That proves this paper is mine, doesn't it?" said Coon.

"No. It simply proves that the same hand wrote both," said Dick. "That paper might be a promissory note you gave Baker for value received, and then finding you could not pay the money, you visited him and took forcible possession of the paper for the purpose of destroying the evidence of your indebtedness."

"I'll allow your point is well taken, sonny, but this paper isn't any promissory note. It contains the directions showing the spot where a rich vein of silver ore is located on the claim I own at Gopher Flat."

"It does?" said the boy broker, with sudden interest.

"It does, sonny. Baker is an old friend of mine. I knew him out in Denver. He made some money there and came East to try his luck in Wall Street. When I discovered that claim I laid it out according to law, but running short of funds I could not proceed with the necessary excavations. However, that amounts to nothing as I have eight months yet to make 'em in. As I knew it would take capital to develop the claim, it occurred to me to come East, see Baker and give him an interest in the claim on condition that he would advance the money. Well, he wasn't powerful glad to see me until I got down to business, and then he took to me like a duck to water. I offered him a quarter interest, but he wanted a three-quarter one, and when I refused to consider such a thing he made a grab for this paper, and the row began. I landed one on his jaw and tried to make my escape, but he was too quick for me. He locked the door and swore I should not get away till I gave up the paper and signed him over the three-quarter interest. I shook off his grip, reached the door, smashed the glass, and then you came on the scene. You know the rest."

"Well, are you thinking of offering me an interest in this claim for a sum of money?" asked Dick.

"Sonny, if you have the dough to spare I'll make the same proposition to you that I did to Baker—a quarter interest."

"I'll consider your proposition if you can prove the existence of a real claim that has the ore in it."

"Can you go West with me?"

"No, I can't, at present. I've just bought out this office, and my presence here is necessary to keep things moving. Besides, I'm interested in a stock deal of some importance that is likely to engage my attention closely for the next two weeks. If you want me to help you out, it is up to you to produce the necessary evidence. When you do that I'll talk business."

"Read that paper."

Dick took it and read it.

"This is the diagram of your claim?"

"Yes."

"And you allege that a rich lode of silver ore is to be found at the spot indicated by following the directions given here?"

"Yes."

"Do you call that convincing evidence of the worth of your claim?"

"It's convincing enough to me, and it struck Baker the same way."

"I am not questioning your statement, but you can't expect me to feel as certain about the matter. Any one could draw up such a diagram, and allege that the claim has rich with ore. You would find it hard to convince a man with capital to accept the fact on such evidence, though. Dozens of people have been fooled with salted claims when they were on the spot to verify the matter. Now, here I am in Wall Street, 2,000 miles or so from Gopher Flat, and you ask me to stake you on that bit of writing. Don't you think you are asking too much of me?"

"Maybe I am, but I'm offering you a good thing, anyway. I suppose you won't tackle it?"

"Is that all the evidence you brought East with you?"

"I brought specimens of the ore, but I lost them on the way."

"Specimens of ore are of no value as proof, for you might have secured them from some rich claim for the purpose of working your point."

"What do you call proof, sonny?"

"First, the registered title claim to the property, and, secondly, the evidence of one's own eyes that rich rock actually exists on the claim, or the sworn statement of reputable persons who have seen it."

"I can show you the title papers, but no one knows about the lode but me. I didn't consider it safe for any one to learn about it."

"Why not, if you have registered the claim and have eight months or so to perfect your title in? How can any one deprive you of it?"

"They couldn't honestly, but there are crooked ways that people with money can work against people who hain't got any money to protect themselves. I've seen it done, and don't care to take any chances."

"Look here, Coon, you're a complete stranger to me, and I've met you under rather unfavorable circumstances. I'm open to any reasonable proposition, but I can't advance any money on your statements."

"I suppose you wouldn't loan me \$100 to go back and finish the excavating work necessary to clinch my title? I'll transfer a quarter interest in the claim to you if you will."

"I'll think it over. Come here any time tomorrow after ten and I'll let you know."

"All right, sonny. You won't lose the \$100 if you risk it, on my word."

Dick handed him one of his business cards, and he went away. The boy broker then told the old man he could go, and the office was locked up.

CHAPTER V.—Broker Schulz Gets Bitten.

Next morning Dick told Flint all about his singular meeting with Ted Coon, his claim to an alleged rich piece of mining property out in Gopher Flat, Colorado, and his proposition to give the boy a quarter interest in it in return for \$100, as a starter, and enough money subsequently to develop the claim.

"There might be something in it, and \$100 isn't much to risk," said Dick. "Still, I wouldn't care to be the victim of a bunco game for even \$100. How does it strike you? What is your experience with mining propositions of this kind?"

Flint did not approve of the matter at all, and said so. He thought it looked very scaley. If Coon had as good a thing as he claimed, the old book-keeper said he could have raised the money out West without putting himself to the trouble of coming all the way to Wall Street.

"He told me he came to see his friend Baker—the man he had the row with on this floor yesterday. He knew Baker out West, and believed he was the best man to apply to for money. According to his story, Baker attempted to do him, and that is what brought on the trouble."

"I'm afraid you'll never see the \$100 again, nor hear from him, if you lend him the money," said Flint.

Ted Coon turned up at eleven o'clock for Dick's answer. The boy broker had another talk with him, and finally let him have the money.

"I'm taking the chance that you are all right," said Dick. "If you are working a confidence game on me, I'll have to take my medicine. Whether I am easy or not, I don't believe you could get the money from anybody else."

"I dunno as I could, sonny. I'm obliged to you. When I've got the claim secure I'll send you word. You'd better try and come out there and let me show you the lode. When you've seen it, then, if you have the money, you'll come across with it, and you'll stand to make a thousand per cent. profit. Anyway, I've given you a claim on the property for this \$100, and you're bound to win."

Coon went away, and Dick, inclosing the paper the visitor had given him in an envelope, addressed it himself and put it away in the safe. Then he picked up a financial paper and began to read the latest news in it. A couple of days passed, and during that time D. & G. went up one point. That wasn't a great deal, but it was better than if it had not moved at all, or had gone the other way. Dick was sitting in his office when a broker named Schulz came in and asked the old book-keeper if Barrett was in.

"Yes, he's in his room. You can go in and see him," and Flint jerked his thumb toward the open door.

"How do you do?" said Broker Schulz to the boy broker when he entered the office.

"How do you do?" said Dick, with an inquiring look.

"My name is Schulz. I'm a broker," said the visitor.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Schulz. Take a seat."

"I heard that Mr. Packard had given up and transferred his business to you," said Schulz. "Several brokers told me you were a boy, and laughed at you going into Wall Street on your own hook. I figured, however, that if you had the necessary capital you had as much right as anybody else to be a broker, that it was nobody's concern what you did."

"That's a good way to look at it," laughed Dick.

"Well, you have the necessary capital, haven't you?" asked Schulz, whose mission was to get a line on the subject.

"Sure I have. Lots of it," said Dick, who thought it was none of his business.

"I suppose you have \$50,000!"

"Fifty thousand! Better add another nought to it and you'll come nearer."

"What! Have you half a million?" exclaimed the visitor, clearly astonished. "Your people must be very wealthy. Who are they?"

"Ever hear of the Barrets of Battle Creek?"

"Can't say that I have. Battle Creek. That's where they manufacture breakfast food, isn't it?"

"Yes, and divers other things that command a large sale throughout the country."

"Then I am to presume that your people are largely interested in one of these things?"

Dick made no reply. He was joshing his visitor, a method he adopted toward inquisitive persons who tried to poke their noses into his affairs.

"Well, well, so you are from the West!" said Schulz.

Dick had never been further West than Philadelphia in his life, but he did not undeceive the caller.

"How long did you work for Mr. Packard?"

"About three years."

"Then you are well acquainted with Wall Street."

"Yes, I can get around without fear of losing my way."

"Packard's business was pretty well run to seed, wasn't it?"

"He had one or two customers left when I took hold."

"Only one or two?"

"I didn't say only one or two. There were more on the books."

"Of course. Must have been or he wouldn't need a bookkeeper. What are you doing?"

"The brokers when they give me a chance."

His answer seemed to puzzle Schulz.

"I don't think I get your drift."

"Then I'll illustrate. You're a broker?"

"Yes."

"Want to sell me an option on 1,000 shares of D. & G.?"

"Are you buying that stock? I'll sell you 1,000 shares of it."

"Have you got the certificates?"

"No, but if you give me the order I'll deliver them to-morrow, C. O. D."

"I'd have to come up with \$91,000. A good deal of my money is tied up for the next week or so, and I want to buy the stock on call. say

on a ten-day limit. I will give you 92 1-2 for it, and put up five per cent. of the current value as security. What do you say?"

Under ordinary circumstances Schulz wouldn't have been eager to make the deal, as he did not buy or sell options very often; but as he was dealing with a boy, he thought he saw a good thing, and he was not in the habit of letting good things get away from him.

"I'll do it for 92 3-4," he said.

"No, sir; my offer stands. You will either take it or turn it down."

"I'll take a look at the ticker," he said.

"All right. You'll find it in the next room."

Schulz found that the last quotation of D. & G. was 90 1-2. The price had been falling an eighth at a time. The boy broker evidently did not know about it. Schulz rushed back, intent on closing the deal, for he saw a profit of \$2,000 in sight. D. & G. had reached a turning point, and while he and Dick were fixing up the option deal, the price jumped up to 94. Dick paid Schulz five per cent. at 91, or \$4,450, agreeing to pay \$92,050, the balance, when he called for the stock, which he had to do within ten days or forfeit his deposit. Schulz left immediately after the deal, intending to purchase the stock in order to cover his option. He expected to get it at 90 1-2 or less. When he reached the Exchange he was staggered to find it going at 96, or three and a half points higher than he had sold it for. If he bought it at that he would be out \$3,500, besides the interest on the value of the stock. He decided to wait until the price went down.

During the last half hour of the Exchange it did go down to 94, closing at that figure.

"It will be lower tomorrow," thought Schulz, much relieved.

He proceeded to spread the news that the boy broker came from a wealthy family living in Battle Creek, Mich., and interested in one of the giant industries of that manufacturing town. He said the boy had admitted to him that he had a capital of at least half a million, which, of course, came from his people. The brokers to whom he passed this interesting intelligence were astonished. A boy broker worth half a million in Wall Street! Such a good thing as that must be taken care of. The news was passed around, and reached the ears of Broker Warren, Dick's particular friend. He knew it was all rot.

"Who told you Barret was worth half a million?" he asked his informant.

The man mentioned the source of his information.

"Where did he hear it?"

"From somebody else, I suppose. Isn't it so?"

"I wouldn't swear that it is," said Warren, non-committally, wondering if Dick had given out that impression for some purpose. If he had Warren didn't want to queer him, so he passed the matter over.

Next day all Wall Street was talking about the boy broker and his alleged half a million. That day half a dozen of the fraternity called on Dick to make his acquaintance with a view to the future. Schulz was disappointed that D. & G. did not drop lower. On the contrary, it went up half a point. He comforted himself with the hope that it might go down next day. He was disappointed again, for it went up another

half a point. That put him \$2,500 shy on his option deal. Believing it surely would go down in a day or two, he did not buy, and, to his satisfaction, it dropped a point. But that was the last drop within the ten days the option had to run. Next day the broker employed by the syndicate ran it up to par before Schulz realized the situation. He gasped when he saw the quotation that represented a loss of \$7,500 to him. Evidently there was a boom on, and if he didn't buy now and pocket his loss, he might lose twice as much. So he bid for 1,000 shares. The syndicate's broker offered the stock at 102. He refused it at that price and continued to bid for it at par. He didn't get any, and the price soared steadily till he was confronted with a loss of \$10,000. An hour later the stock was going at 105, but Schulz couldn't find a share at less than 107. He was \$5,000 worse off than if he had taken the syndicate's broker's offer. As the price was still rising, Schulz bought it at 107, and faced a loss of nearly \$15,000.

The baffled broker went back to his office much put out with the boy trader, who had illustrated him remark that he was "doing the brokers when they gave him the chance," though Schulz wasn't yet wise to its drift.

On the tenth day of the option D. & G. was selling at 110. Dick went around to the operator who was under great obligations to him, as he had told Mr. Packard, though he didn't say what the obligation was, and asked him for the loan of \$92,050 to take up 1,000 shares of D. & G. he had bought on an option, and which was now worth \$110,000. He got a check for the sum, had it certified at the operator's bank, called on Schulz, and asked for the 1,000 shares. He got the stock, and a rather black look from the broker. He took the stock around to Warren's office and told him to sell it along with the 1,500 he had bought on margin at 90. Altogether, Dick cleared \$47,500 on the two deals. When he collected the money, he handed five per cent. of it, or \$2,375, to the old book-keeper. Flint was dazed by the sum, which was more money than he had owned for twenty years or so.

"I am not entitled to all this," he said, fingering the bills gingerly.

"Why not? There's the memorandum of my two deals for you to enter in the books. The total balance over all expenses is \$47,500. According to our arrangement you are entitled to five per cent. of that. There's the money. Charge the amount in the proper way and deduct it from my cash balance."

Flint tried to find words to express his gratitude, but Dick cut him short.

"You can buy a small house for yourself now and be your own landlord," said the boy. "Then you can snap your fingers at the poor-house."

The possession of nearly \$2,400 made the old man quite chipper that day, and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the happy surprise he had in store for his invalid wife when he went home that afternoon.

CHAPTER VI.—A Sixth Avenue Boatman.

The thirtieth of May, Decoration Day, came around on the following week, and Dick wondered what he would do with himself that day. He felt

that he could enjoy a holiday with perfect satisfaction. Although he had been in business for himself but one month, he had made the splendid sum of \$45,000, and that was something of a record, he thought, for a boy. At the outside he had not expected to make more than half of that sum on the D. & G. deal, but the option matter was an entirely unpremeditated transaction which he had entered into on the spur of the moment, moved thereto by Broker Schulz's visit and the line of talk he had indulged in. It had panned out an extra \$17,000, which was as acceptable as flowers in spring. Nobody had invited Dick to go off anywhere on Decoration Day, so he was thrown on his own resources. As there were a score of places around New York where he might pass the day and expect to have a good time, he had only to suit himself. It happened, however, that he was not to go off alone.

On the evening of the 29th a clerk, employed in a Sixth avenue retail store, who boarded where he did, came into his room for a talk, and during their conversation he suggested that he and Dick go off together. Dick agreed, and they proceeded to figure out where they would go. The clerk, not having much money to spend, suggested Coney Island, or some other cheap resort. The boy broker, who didn't mind the expense, proposed a trip by boat to Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, via Atlantic Highlands, and the train from there. The cost of going and coming was not expensive, but one could easily make a \$10 bill look like thirty cents after he had got there.

"I'll foot the bills," said Dick. "I've just made a bunch of money in Wall Street, and I feel like spending a little of it. If you were not obliged to turn up at the store on the morning after, I'd take you down to Atlantic City and blow you to a royal time."

"Don't you have to be back at your office next day?" asked the clerk.

"Not at all. My bookkeeper will look after things without me."

"Your bookkeeper! What do you mean by that?" said the clerk, who was not aware that Dick was his own boss now.

Most boys in Dick's shoes would have boasted of their luck in becoming a Wall Street broker, but our hero had not told anybody, even his landlady, of the change for the better in his circumstances.

"Oh, I forgot. I didn't tell you I am in business for myself now."

"Are you, really?"

"Yes. Started in on the first of the month. Bought out my late boss."

"You don't say! I didn't know you were worth money."

"Well, you see, I made enough in the stock market during the last year and a half to set up for myself."

"As a broker?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe anybody knows it in the house."

"I don't believe they do, either. Just keep it to yourself. I don't want the boarders to have heart failure."

The clerk laughed.

"I congratulate you on your luck. I haven't

either luck or money, and consequently I have to be at the beck and call of a boss, and subject to his whims. If I should inadvertently offend a customer, I'd be in for a call-down. These storekeepers handle their clerks without gloves, just as if we were slaves. I wish we had a union that would protect us, and secure us shorter hours. I work every evening, as you know, except Wednesday, and I don't get anything extra for doing so. It is understood that our hours of work are from eight a. m. to ten p. m., with an extra hour tacked on Saturday night. And we never get away exactly on time, either. Clerking in a retail store is a dog's life."

"I guess it is. I wonder so many go into it in preference to learning a trade."

"It's more genteel, don't you know?"

"That be hanged. A fellow can be a gentleman, if it's in him, no matter what calling he's engaged in."

"But if he's a mechanic he has to wear overalls and get his hands dirty."

"What of it? Soap and water will remove the dirt when his work is over, while the overalls protect his clothes. Mechanics are so thoroughly organized these days that the bosses can't sit on their necks if they are competent workmen. Most of them work only eight hours a day, I believe, and their unions ensure them a living wage. On the whole, I think a mechanic has it on a store clerk every time."

"If we haberdashers had a strong union we'd get our rights fast enough. We would quit at six or get paid extra for evening work," said the clerk.

"As I opine you are not the only member of your calling who feels that way, I should think you'd lose no time in organizing."

"The trouble is there are too many clerks looking for jobs who would not join with us. They'd sooner lay for our jobs than help us hold on to them under better conditions."

"Probably, but as human nature is the same all over the world, the mechanics must have been up against the same difficulty when they began their fight for shorter hours and better pay, as well as better treatment. The pioneers of any new movement are the ones who suffer the most. They get their reward in knowing that they are blazing the way for their successors."

The clerk, whose name was Henry Jones, privately objected to posing as a martyr for the clerks of the next decade, and the same feeling probably animated the majority of his fellow workers, who foresaw that opposition to the established order of things was more than likely to cost them their situations, and they couldn't afford to risk it. As Dick proposed to pay all the cost of the next day's outing, Henry Jones was willing to go anywhere with him, and so Ocean Grove was decided upon. As the first boat left Twenty-fifth street and the North River at a quarter of nine, they made their arrangements accordingly. Inasmuch as there is always a bigger crowd to be looked for on a holiday, they decided to get to the pier not later than half-past eight. They got the boat all right, and in due course reached their destination. After strolling around among the crowd of pleasure seekers they went to a hotel and had dinner. Neither of them was accustomed to the layout

that was set before them, but it impressed Clerk Jones far more than it did Dick, because he was not likely soon to partake of another like it, while the boy broker possessed the means to duplicate it every day if he chose. There's a whole lot of satisfaction in knowing that you can get a thing even if you have no particular desire to indulge in it. Jones ate everything in sight for fear he'd miss something that was coming to him, and when the meal was over he felt that a derrick wouldn't have been amiss to lift him out of his chair.

Dick then treated him to a fine cigar, a luxury he did not indulge in himself, and for the next thirty minutes Jones felt like one of the elect. He gazed patronizingly upon the crowd, as though he were a king in mufti that is disguised, and they were his subjects. It was probably the first bit of real happiness he had had in a long time. All he had to do was to enjoy himself at his companion's expense. One thing that Jones enjoyed next to a ride in somebody's auto, a pleasure he had not yet been treated to, was a boat sail. He had sailed so often in imagination that he was accumulating the idea he was a first-class boatman, while, as a matter of fact, his experience amounted to nothing. A sailboat was to be had at the rate of fifty cents an hour, and as Dick was doing the grand, Clerk Jones suggested that they hire one.

"I don't object if you know how to manage the boat. I don't," said Dick.

"Manage a sailboat. I should whisper that I did. My father's second cousin was a master's mate in the Navy."

Dick could not see what Jones' father's second cousin, having been in the Navy, had to do with his companion's ability to sail a boat, and he said so.

"Oh, I merely mentioned it to show that we are a nautical family, and therefore strong on boats. The first thing I did when I was old enough to toddle around was to sail paper boats in a wash-tub. I would have been a sailor, I mean an officer in the Navy, only I happened to be put to work in a store. I suppose you don't know that I'm a member of the Neptune Boat Club."

"No, I wasn't aware of the fact," said Dick.

"I am, and I go out sailing quite often."

It was quite true that he was a member of the club, and that he had gone on the North River three times with other members and several friends, but he had taken no part in the sailing of the boat on these occasions. He had, however, noticed how the boat was steered, how the sails were raised and lowered, and other particulars, and was confident of his ability to manage any kind of a fore-and-after, that is a craft without yards. His assurance deceived Dick, and, going down to a small wharf, they secured the use of a boat for an hour or longer. The craft they hired was a catboat, and had a small trunk cabin. It had a small jib and mainsail. Jones, in glee, ran up the jib and made the sheet fast. Then, with Dick's help, he hoisted the mainsail, and the boom slowly swung out to the starboard.

The wind was light and the ocean comparatively calm, fortunately, and when Jones let go the mooring line, and seated himself at the helm, directing Dick to take his place on the weather

side, he felt like a king. He made a mistake at the start by pushing the tiller from him, for he had very properly taken his seat on the weather side, and the boat falling away, the boom swung in and caught him on the arm. The blow was a light one, for there was no force behind it, but the boy broker uttered an ejaculation, and Jones hastened to pull the tiller toward him. That threw the boat's head into the wind again, and out went the boom over the water once more. The boat sailed diagonally off shore on nearly an even keel. It required no expert knowledge to keep her on her course under present conditions, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell. The wind, however, was freshening little by little, and the boat began heeling more and more to the leeward. Before they realized how far they had gone they were a mile from the beach, and half as much further from their starting point. A large sloop-yacht was coming toward them, bound up the coast. She was headed direct for the catboat. A bunch of boys were aboard of her. The chap at the wheel was perfectly competent to maneuver her. The course of the catboat would easily carry her out of the way of the oncoming yacht. The boys aboard the latter, however, were feeling gay and ripe for mischief.

As the boats rapidly approached one another, Jones got nervous, and instead of jamming the tiller hard a-port and easing out the boom, which would have carried the boat clear, unless the people on the yacht deliberately intended to run her down, which, of course, was not to be supposed, he shoved the tiller from him. The boom swung in with a swish, hitting Jones a staggering blow on the shoulder, slipping against his head, taking off his hat and half stunning him. Dick had to slip off his seat pretty quick to save himself, and as the boom swung out to port, the sheet catching Jones' neck and face as he laid half over, but fortunately clutching the tiller, the boat careened the other way, and tacked right across the yacht's bows.

The young mischief-makers were not looking for such a blunder on the part of the catboat's helmsman, and their laughter was stifled by cries of alarm. Their steersman was equal to the emergency, however, for he was an expert. He jammed his helm to starboard, at the same time shouting "Lookout—dip!" and the yacht fell away sharply and went off on the opposite tack, almost grazing the bows of the catboat as she passed, while the crowd aboard of her, lining the weather side two deep, yelled derisively at the occupants of the other craft, whom they called "bum boatmen."

CHAPTER VII.—The Time of Their Lives.

The catboat was now sailing diagonally toward the shore, but away from their point of departure. If her course was not altered she would hit the beach about three miles south of Ocean Grove. Clerk Jones had lost his derby, which went overboard and was floating seaward a hundred yards away. He was making a frantic effort to get clear of the boom sheet which held him down as in a vise, and was afraid to let go

the tiller. To say the truth, he was badly frightened, and looked it. The predicament he was in, and their narrow escape, which the boy broker wholly ascribed to the clerk's fault, not being aware that the catboat had been purposely crowded to the windward by the sloop-yacht, convinced Dick that his companion had deceived him when he asserted he could handle a boat properly. He scrambled on his feet and went to Jones's aid.

"You're a nice sailor, you are," he said, grabbing the sheet to lift it so that the clerk would get his head under it.

As the wind was fairly strong now, and the sail was pulling like a team of horses, while the boat careened so low as to bring the back of Jones' head into the water occasionally, the inexperienced Dick found he had something of a job on his hands. Bracing his feet against the side of the boat, the Wall Street boy exerted his muscular power, and Jones got his head free. A jet of foam hit him in the eye and so confused him that he lost his hold on the tiller. As the boat had a weather helm, she came around on her former course off shore of her own accord, as the wind favored it, and the boom, swinging back, knocked Jones over like a ninepin as he was setting up, and if Dick hadn't seen it coming and ducked at a lively rate, he would have got a whack that might have sent him overboard.

"For heaven's sake, man!" cried Dick. "Can't you manage this boat?"

Jones wasn't quite so cock sure as he had been under more favorable circumstances. He knew enough to grab the helm and hold the craft on her course. But they were four miles off shore, and the wind was still increasing. Dick, in spite of his natural nerve, was a bit anxious. He knew nothing about handling a sailboat, and realized his helplessness. He felt like kicking the Sixth avenue clerk for fooling him. He could only hope that the chap knew enough to get the boat to the shore.

"We're a long way from the beach, and the wind has come up strong," he said. "Turn around and start back."

"She goes better this way," replied Jones, with a helpless look.

"Goes better! What if she does? We don't want to go to sea, and that's the way she's bound. Where do you expect to fetch up at this rate?"

Jones looked more scared at the prospect, but he did not alter the course.

"Why don't you do something?" cried Dick, impatiently.

"I'm thinking."

Dick recollected that when the tiller was pulled to the right that the boat's head swung around and headed diagonally toward the shore. Aware from late experience that in making the new tack the boom would come aboard and go out on the other side, he was on the lookout for it when he seized hold of the tiller and pulled it toward him.

"Look out for the boom!" he cried to the clerk.

Jones avoided it, and Dick, sitting on the weather side, prepared to act as steersman till his companion had recovered his self-possession. It was a new and ticklish job for him to tackle.

The boat heeled in an alarming way. She would have gone easier if close-hauled, that is if the boom had been pulled in, and her stern brought more in line with the wind. As it was she had the wind broad on her starboard quarter. Dick didn't know that, nor did Jones, for that matter. A sudden squall would have capsized them, for the sheet holding the boom was fast, and Dick did not know how to spill the wind out of the sail. The wind, however, was holding steady, and, after all, they were fairly safe if by good luck they managed right. But dark clouds were mounting the sky behind them, and the prospect for these amateur boatmen was not particularly encouraging. Dick, having lost all confidence in Jones, and finding that the boat remained right side up under his management, and was nearing the shore at an angle, decided to continue as boss of the job. Looking off ahead, he noticed a large schooner sailing northward, half a mile away. She had all sail spread and was dashing the foam from her cutwater. She was close-hauled in the wind's eye. As they drew near her, Dick noticed that the people aboard of her were looking at the catboat.

In their opinion the boys aboard of her were taking some chances with the boom so far out, though, of course, they were making more speed running free. Only expert boatmen would have held on the way Dick was doing, but the two didn't know any better. As they passed astern the schooner, Dick, who had acquired some confidence by that time, and was almost enjoying the rush of the little craft, waved his hat at the men on the big fore-and-after. They waved their hands back, and came to the conclusion that the catboat was in proper hands. The water now began washing in over the port side, and the point of the boom frequently dipped into the sea, tearing up the water. Jones, who had said nothing for some time, began to wake up to the fact that the boom appeared to be out too far.

"We ought to get it in," he said.

"Well, see if you can pull it in," said Dick, innocently.

The sheets were as taut as two iron rods, and the only way the boom could be hauled in was for Dick to move the tiller carefully from him, which would cause the boat to fall off her course. That would take the weight of the wind out of the sail somewhat, and the strain on the sheets being eased, the boom could be hauled in as far as was deemed necessary. If the boat was allowed to fall off far enough, the boom would come in of its own accord. The clerk's effort was a failure, of course, because Dick held the boat close to the wind.

"Oh, my, look at those clouds yonder," ejaculated Jones. "There's going to be a storm, and if it catches us out here we'll be capsized."

They had covered two-thirds of their way shoreward, however, and Dick hoped they would reach shelter before matters got any worse. The catboat was skimming the surface of the ocean like a frightened bird. The boy broker was having an experience which he wouldn't soon forget. And the same might be said of Henry Jones, who had already wished himself safe on shore a hundred times. Only for the fact that he was on the shady side of twenty-one, he might have lost

a year's growth. A sudden light gust of wind almost took Dick's hat off. He threw up his hand to save it. In doing so he bent over, and the action caused the tiller to move to the leeward a bit. The boat's head fell away, the sail shivered, and the sheet lost its tautness. The natural consequence was that the catboat righted a little. These things were not lost on Dick's watchful eye. He pulled the tiller back and the boat went on as before.

"I think I have learned a wrinkle," he said to Jones. "Get ready to haul in the boom a bit."

Jones got ready. Dick moved the tiller over as before, and the same result followed.

"Haul away," he said, easing off a little more. Jones hauled. The boom came in some.

"You're not hauling on the right rope," said Dick.

"Why not? It's coming in, isn't it?"

"Sure it is, but the moment I pull the tiller back it will go out again like a shot. You want to grab the end that's fastened to that cleat and pull the slack through the block, taking a turn around the cleat as you haul, then it can't get away."

Jones followed directions, and the boom was hauled half way in, Dick helping the operation along by manipulating the tiller. When the boat was brought into the wind again, the result of the maneuver was found to be quite satisfactory. The catboat did not careen near as much as previously, and was in less danger of capsizing under the weight of the wind.

"Why didn't I think of that before?" said Dick. "It would have saved us some anxiety. I'm getting to be something of a boatman. Now, where are we going to land? There's a long deserted-looking bluff ahead. The surf is beating on the beach and I don't see a house in sight. If we run straight on we are liable to wreck the boat, and then I'll have to pay for her."

"Turn her down the shore till we see a place to run in," said Jones.

"Wait till we get closer in."

By this time the sky was overcast with clouds and the wind was stronger than ever. Good luck and Dick's coolness alone saved the boat from capsizing.

"We've got too much sail up," he said, which was the fact.

A couple of reefs should have been taken in the mainsail. Jones did not feel equal to tackling the job. As a matter of fact, he was afraid to venture on top of the trunk cabin. Besides, the boom would have to be got aboard. So things had to go as they were, and though they were now close in to the shore it was not at all certain how their cruise would turn out. Dick let the boat play off a little, which carried her head parallel with the beach, and brought the wind dead astern. As the boom slapped about and the boat wobbled, showing she was not under the right control, Dick got Jones to take in the slackened sheet and thus steady the mainsail. The boy broker brought her closer to the wind. This brought the wind to bear all right on the sail, and the craft was now close-hauled and sailing finely. The coast line trended to the southwest, and Dick, following it, brought the wind on her starboard quarter, and the boat recovered some of her decreased speed. Suddenly a break in the

bluff was discerned. The beach fell away at this point, indicating a cove or creek. As the wind was now blowing a small gale, and Dick was afraid they would be carried ashore before they could find a haven of refuge, he determined to try and run into this cove. He feared that his lack of skill would land them on the beach, owing to the sweep of the tide and wind, the effects of which he did not understand how to counteract. To neutralize this as much as possible, he ran the boat toward the point of the break nearest to them. The fact that the craft was close-hauled helped him. Jones shouted that he was running onto the beach. Dick paid no attention to his warning, for he believed the tide would take them clear, and the moment it did he intended to swing the boat's head right for the opening and let matters take their course.

His calculations proved correct, though the boat's keel grazed the sloping bottom they were so close in. He jammed the tiller to starboard, which threw the rudder to port, and the catboat swinging around, raced right into the creek.

"Quick, you lobster!" cried Dick. "Jump on the roof of the cabin and let the sail down by the run."

Jones, seeing that they were out of peril, lost no time in obeying orders. The creek ran around behind the bluff somewhere, and they no longer felt the wind to any extent. The boat rapidly lost headway, and finally ran into a mass of reeds and came to rest with the top of her mast against the extended bough of a tree.

Jones let down the jib and left it hanging over the bow. Dick now told Jones he was going ashore by way of the tree to find out where they were. So Dick climbed to the shore and Jones settled himself in the cabin to wait. After a while it began to rain and Jones wondered if Dick was getting drenched. But he wasn't. Dick had found a shanty and had entered, because nobody had answered his knock. He found the place deserted. There was an attic and Dick went up there, and while debating what next to do the door downstairs was opened and several men entered. From their conversation Dick learned they also came there to find shelter. The men soon started to talk about a coup they were going to make in Wall Street, and Dick became interested at once. He learned the stock was O. & H. that they were going to corner it. When they had their plans all made, all of which Dick heard, the storm had passed and they left the shanty. As they went out Dick looked out of a window in the attic. He did not recognize any of the men, but he saw they were well-dressed. As soon as they left Dick descended and started back for the boat.

CHAPTER VIII.—Anchored Till Morning.

Dick returned to the boat by the same route he had left it and found Clerk Jones asleep in a locker which did duty for a bunk when a narrow mattress was spread upon it and the bedclothes placed on top of that. As it was dark in the cabin, he did not see his companion, but he heard the cadenza that he played with his nose, and that established the clerk's presence

on the boat. Dick did not wake him. He struck a match and looked to see if there was a lamp in the cabin. There was, hanging against the forward bulkhead. He took it down and lighted it. The light did not arouse the amateur boatman, so Dick went out into the cockpit to study the weather conditions. The roll-call of the surf on the beach beyond the bluff was easily to be heard, and the piping of the wind made itself plain through the tree-tops. If Dick had any idea of trying to take the boat back to its owner, he abandoned it. The conditions were probably not now as bad as those he and his companion had faced, but nevertheless he realized his lack of skill in the handling of a boat, and was willing to ascribe their escape to luck more than management. The boy broker thought he should like to take lessons in boat sailing from a competent instructor, for in spite of the peril he and the clerk had been up against, he recalled a sense of exhilaration on feeling the light craft skimming the water at race-horse speed. Then he thought of getting back to Ocean Grove by land, and wondered whether the road in that direction was near at hand, and if walking was good.

His doubts on the latter point were occasioned by the recollection that one of the Wall Street men had said their car was out of business, and Dick could not say whether it was on account of the roughness of the road, or some break in the mechanism which had stalled them. If they reached Ocean Grove it was a question whether they could leave the summer resort that night. The season might be said to have begun that day, but the regular visitors had not come yet to any extent. Only some of the cottages were occupied by the early birds. The place would not be in full swing for a month. If they had to remain all night at Ocean Grove they might as well stay where they were. They would miss their supper by doing so, but by the time they reached the Grove it was a matter of conjecture whether they would be able to get anything worth eating there. Dick decided not to make up his mind what to do till he had talked with his companion.

If there was a possibility of getting back to New York that night he judged that Jones would be anxious to do it, for he was due at the store at eight in the morning, and he pictured his boss as a crank. The boy broker re-entered the cabin. The clerk was still sleeping serenely on. Dick went to the opposite locker to see if there were any bed clothes in it. He found there was, lying on top of a mattress. His curiosity and the want of something to do induced him to open a cupboard on the starboard side forward, the duplicate of another on the port side. Here he found a small collection of plates, dishes, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and other kindred articles. He examined the opposite cupboard and found a couple of ham sandwiches, half a pie and two small bottles of lager. Dick judged that the owner of the boat had provided this lay-out for his own supper.

Under the circumstances the boy broker had no hesitation in appropriating it for himself and his companion. Beer was a beverage he didn't drink, but as there was nothing else in the drinking line aboard, he was willing to compromise

with circumstances. While Dick was viewing this unexpected provender, Jones woke up with a snort. He swung his legs off the locker and looked at his companion.

"When did you come aboard?" he asked.

"About fifteen minutes ago."

"Has it stopped raining?"

"Yes; it's clearing up fast."

"Did you get wet?"

"Not that you could notice it."

"Where were you when it was pouring so hard?"

"In a shanty a short distance from here."

"What time is it?"

"After seven."

"My gracious! It's late. Did you find out how far we are from Ocean Grove?"

"No, but I don't think we are more than four or five miles."

"Going to sail back there?"

"Do you want to?"

"If the wind has gone down I wouldn't mind."

"It's blowing hard, I should judge."

"Then I'd rather not."

"That's what I thought. At any rate, I wouldn't risk it. We'd have to sail against the wind, and I don't know how to do it."

"Oh, it's easy when you know how."

"It's easy to make money in Wall Street, too, if you know how and have luck with you."

"I wish I had a position in Wall Street. It's more genteel than standing behind a counter."

"And the hours are shorter—nine to five."

"With no evening work and half a holiday on Saturday."

"Brokers' clerks often work evenings when there is a big market. They have to in order to keep up with what has been done during the day. Other clerks work evenings sometimes when it is necessary."

"That doesn't count as long as it isn't a regular thing, as with us chaps."

"How would a ham sandwich, a piece of pie and a bottle of beer go now?"

"Oh, I say, you make my mouth water. Is that lay-out on board?"

"It is. In that cupboard. Come over and help yourself."

Clerk Jones needed no second invitation, and the two were soon enjoying the boatman's supper.

"This is fine," said Jones, swallowing the last of the sandwich.

"It isn't bad," admitted Dick.

"Well, how about starting for Ocean Grove? I've got to get home to-night," said Jones, when they had finished eating.

"It's eight o'clock. It would take us an hour to get there if we didn't miss our way in the dark. Then there might be no train out and we'd be stuck. I have concluded to stay here all night. If the wind is fair and light in the morning, we'll sail back instead of walking, and return the boat to its owner. I dare say he is wondering if his boat and ourselves are not at the bottom of the Atlantic."

"But if I don't get to the store in the morning I'll get an awful wiggling from the boss," said Jones.

"Tell him about your experience, and how

you're lucky to be alive. Unless he's a most unusual kind of man he'll let it go at that."

"I hope he will," said the clerk, resigning himself to circumstances.

They went outside and sat a while under a clear, star-lit sky, then they made up their beds and turned in.

CHAPTER IX.—Another Option Deal.

The succeeding morning was soft and balmy, and Dick turned out at seven to find nature in one of her most entrancing moods. He went ashore via the tree limb and took his way toward the beach. The bluff blocked his way there, for it had no break save where it was intersected by the creek, so he mounted to the top and gazed around with that sense of pleasure a city bred person always experiences under the circumstances in which the boy broker found himself. Before him lay a tranquil ocean, sparkling in the early morning sunshine; behind and to the right and left stretched the New Jersey landscape, dotted with houses at a distance and sprinkled over with trees putting forth their summer foliage. There was scarcely any surf, and the breeze was light from the south. Everything was favorable for their return by boat to Ocean Grove.

With the experience he had picked up the preceding afternoon, Dick felt that he could easily sail up the coast, and he guessed Jones could do it, too. When he got back to the boat he released the mast from the tree bough, picked up the boat-hook and pushed the catboat clear of the reeds. Then he turned the boat's head down the creek. At that stage of the proceedings Jones made his appearance from the cabin.

"Help me hoist the sails," said Dick.

The clerk lent a hand with alacrity. As there was scarcely any wind behind the bluff, they had to push their way out of the creek. Taking his place at the tiller, the boy broker directed Jones to ease out the boom, and turned the boat's head northward. As soon as the sail began to draw properly, the sheets were made fast and the little craft sailed along at a fair pace, going free, with the wind on the starboard quarter. In this way they made the entire run to Ocean Grove, and consequently they had an easy time of it. While running in for the little wharf, Dick went on the other tack, which brought the boom over to the other side.

"Let down the mainsail," said Dick when they were close in, and they ran alongside the wharf and made fast.

The boatman had borrowed another craft and was on the point of running down the coast to see if his boat had been wrecked along the shore. He was delighted to see the boys back with his property on which his living depended during the summer. Dick told him about their experience in the gale, and where they had put in for shelter, omitting all reference to their misfortunes. The boatman declared they had done well, and gave them credit for a knowledge of boating they were far from possessing. Had he known the actual facts he would have wondered that they got back alive with the boat. After a good

breakfast they started for New York and got there without further adventure. Dick parted from the clerk at the first Sixth avenue elevated station they came to, and took his way to his office, while Jones started for his store. Several customers were in the place when Dick got there. He went through his light mail and then called the old man into the private room. He told him about his outing and his boating experience, and Flint thought he and his companion had had a narrow escape.

Then Dick told him how the adventure had led up to a gilt-edge tip. He repeated the brokers' conversation as near as he could remember, missing no essential detail, and asked the old man what he thought about it.

"It looks like a good chance for you to make money," said Flint.

"I couldn't ask for a better, as I know just what's going to happen in that stock, and how they are going to work it. I know as much as the insiders themselves."

"But sometimes the insiders get caught. There is always the chance of the unexpected happening to put to rout the wisest schemes."

"Well, I'm going to take a chance on this tip. I hope to make from \$50,000 to \$75,000 out of it. I see \$3,000 more coming your way as your five per cent. rake-off, Mr. Flint."

"My wife thinks you are the finest young fellow in the world, and I assured her you were. That \$2,375 you gave me is bound to keep us out of the poor-house, even if I didn't get another cent of extra money."

"This new deal will more than double that sum for you."

"If it's successful."

"Of course; but I hardly see how it will fail if I work it right."

Flint returned to his desk and Dick picked up a Will Street paper. O. & H. was ruling at 80. It was worth more than that, but the market was off. As the syndicate intended to depress it further, Dick decided to wait till it reached low-water mark and began to rise. He kept sharp watch on the stock, and in a day or two it dropped to 78. The next day it fell off another point, and two days afterward, on Saturday noon, it closed at 75. Dick didn't believe the stock could be forced much lower. About this time he received a visit from a bunch of traders, none of whom he was acquainted with. They came to see the wonderful boy broker who was accredited with a capital of half a million, which most of them doubted; but still they believed he had a lot of money that an indulgent and foolish parent had staked him with. They felt certain he would lose it in the whirl of Wall Street, and as business was slack they thought that if they could work him for a part of his boodle they would save him the trouble of losing it piece-meal in the market.

It was a commendable resolve on their part, from their own point of view. Dick would hardly have looked at it in the same light. They introduced themselves in a free-and-easy way, and tried to make it appear that they took a great deal of interest in him.

"You are certainly a novelty, young man," said Broker Green.

"It is really refreshing to meet with a real

boy broker," said Broker Smith, beaming on Dick.

"I like to see bright young fellows come to the front," said Broker Kemp.

"It's the boys who are setting the pace these days," said Broker Dexter.

"Have a cigar, gentlemen?" asked Dick, producing a box and passing it around.

"You know a good cigar when you see one," said Green, lighting his and blowing a cloud with the air of a connoisseur.

"Fine weed," said Smith.

"This is the brand your father smokes, I suppose?" said Kemp.

"Nothing like smoking a good article if you can afford it," said Dexter. "Why don't you light up and keep us company?"

"I don't smoke," replied Dick.

"No? Keep these for your friends?" asked Dexter.

"Yes, sir."

"We appreciate the pleasure, and I think, gentlemen, we ought to return it in some way," said Green.

"You express our sentiments exactly," nodded Smith.

"We might let him in on that pool we are forming?" suggested Kemp.

"Good idea," said Dexter, with alacrity. "He couldn't invest \$100,000 to better advantage. It's a cinch that we double our money."

"We'll do better. I expect to clear \$150,000," said Green.

"Same here," put in Smith.

"Want to stand in with us, Barrett?" said Kemp.

"What's the stock?" asked Dick, who had no intention of falling to the game.

"We'll tell you that as soon as you put up say \$25,000 as an evidence of good faith."

"I don't care to go in blind."

"But we can't give the snap away till you're one of us."

"I don't think I could go in anyway. I'm interested in something else," said Dick. "A broker I know advised me to buy O. & H. He said it was going up."

"It doesn't look like it," said Dexter. "It has dropped five points this week. Have you bought a block of it?"

"I'm looking around to get an option on a few thousand shares."

"Is that the way you buy stock? Don't do it. It is sure to cost you a couple of points above the market. I'll sell you one, two, three or five thousand shares at the closing price," said Dexter, with alacrity.

"Give us all a whack. Let each of us sell you 1,000 at the market," said Green, who objected to Dexter getting the whole order.

"I want 10,000 shares, gentlemen, but I haven't the funds to pay for the stock outright at present. It will be an accommodation if I can get a ten-day call on the stock. I'm willing to give a point above the market to any one who will sell me the option. You four gentlemen might form a pool on the option and sell it to me."

The brokers looked at Dick a bit doubtfully. His face bore an innocent expression, and his smile was child-like and bland, like that of the famous heathen Chinese in the poker game. If

any boy looked like a good thing, Dick did at that moment.

"You must expect the price to go up?" said Smith.

"Of course, or I wouldn't offer to buy an option on it," replied Dick.

"But we couldn't sell you an option, good for ten days, on that stock for only \$1 a share more than it is going at now. The price is low and very liable to rise two or three points before the limit is up."

"Sure," said Dick. "I expect it will; but you chaps can buy it on Monday morning for \$75, and be sure of making \$2,500 apiece for advancing the money necessary to hold the shares for me till I call for them. I am willing to pay \$10,000 for the accommodation."

"You forget the interest for ten days on \$750,000," said Smith.

"Oh, that won't cost you a whole lot."

"We ought to have an advance of two points to pay us," said Green.

"I couldn't afford to pay so much," said Dick.

The brokers talked it over, and finally agreed to sell the option for a point and a half advance on a five per cent. deposit of the current value of the stock. Dick took them up.

"I can't get the money now," he said, "as everything is closed up at this hour. I have \$500 in my safe I'll give you to bind the bargain. You will hold the option until I fetch you the \$37,000 balance, which I'll do at ten o'clock on Monday. How will that suit?"

It suited them all right. The option was written out then and there, and each of the brokers signed it, thus making each of them responsible for the whole option. It was decided that Green should look after the matter of buying the shares to cover the option, and Dick was to pay him the deposit, on receipt of which Green would hand him the paper. It was enclosed in an envelope, sealed up, and the boy broker stamped the flap in several places and put his initials on it. The business being concluded the traders invited Dick out to take a drink.

"I never drink strong waters, gentlemen," he replied.

"Then take a soft drink or a cigar," said Smith.

He went with them to the Empire Cafe, spent half an hour with them there, and then the bunch broke up and Dick took an elevated train uptown.

CHAPTER X.—The Boy's Great Luck.

Dick got his option on Monday, and O. & H. opened at 75. Green did not hurry to buy the 10,000 shares, as the stock showed no movement. He deposited the checks of his companions in the pool, and when he reached the Exchange at a quarter past eleven, he offered 74 7-8 for any part of 10,000 O. & H. He got no response, and offered 75. Nothing came his way, and he raised his bid an eighth. One of the syndicate's brokers, attracted by his effort to buy 10,000 O. & H., followed the instructions he had to stand off, if possible, any large purchaser of the stock, and bid an eighth higher. Green saw Smith on the floor, and he dropped out to consult him. In the

meanwhile, the syndicate's broker secured some small lots of O. & H. at 75 1-4. Green went back and offered that figure, whereupon the syndicate's broker raised him again an eighth.

Green made it a half, and the other offered five-eighths. At that Green dropped out and went to talk to Smith and Dexter. While he was away the other broker bid the stock to 76, and shook out 1,000 shares. The three brokers saw the price go to 76, and looked concerned. That left them only half a point leeway on their option deal, out of which had to be deducted the interest on the money invested.

"I'm afraid we're not going to make anything out of the option," said Green. "I wonder if that boy is working on a tip?"

Just then Kemp appeared on the floor and they called him over and explained the situation. It was agreed to wait and see if the price would go down. An hour later Green made another attempt to buy the stock at 75 7-8, but the syndicate's broker offered 76 and choked him off. He continued to offer 76 at intervals, and got a few shares. Then he raised the price to 76 1-8, and up to 76 1-2. Green and his three associates began to see a loss before them. The stock closed at that price, and the pool was still without the shares. Next morning O. & H. opened at 76 5-8. That was indicative of a continuation of the rise. Green bid 76 3-4, which represented a loss to them, but the other broker was on the job with a bid of 76 7-8, which he followed with one of 77. The members of the pool were sure something was on the hooks.

Smith bid 77 1-8 for 1,000 shares, fully expecting that the other brokers would raise his bid as he had all of Green's, but he didn't. Nobody took Smith's offer, though he repeated it several times. Then he offered 77 1-4, but with like result. Apparently the stock was scarce on the market. The poor members held another consultation.

"That boy certainly has a tip and he has taken us into camp," said Green.

"And he looked such an easy mark," said Smith. "If it ever gets around that the four of us were trapped by the boy broker, we won't hear the last of it for some time to come."

"We must go around and try to find the stock at private sale right away. We will each try to get hold of 2,500, and we must get it if we have to pay 78 for it," said Green.

The four started out to buy the specified number of shares. The only one who was at all successful was Smith, who bought 1,000 at 77 3-4. At the time he bought the stock the market price was 77 1-2. It remained at that figure for the rest of the day. They made another effort to buy next day at the Exchange, but couldn't get a share, the price going up to 78 1-2. At that figure they faced a loss of \$20,000. Their feeling toward Dick was not very pleasant. Their efforts to buy the shares were baffled every time, and the price kept on rising till it reached 80. By that time five days of the option had expired. Dick's profit in sight footed up 35,000, and every dollar of it would come out of the four members of the pool. The option had been dated Monday and not Saturday, and so the sixth day fell on Saturday. Dick had not seen any of the gentlemen since Monday, when he got the option

from Green. He supposed they had secured the stock at a slight advance over 75. He knew nothing about what had happened at the Exchange, nor did he know how scarce the stock was. He was satisfied to see that it was advancing, as he looked for it to do. Saturday noon Green called to see him.

"When are you going to call for that stock?" he asked the boy.

"I have four days yet," replied Dick.

"Expect it to go the limit?"

"I think it is likely."

"What will you take to call the deal off now?"

"I wouldn't like to make an offer."

"Why not? How high do you think it will go in the next four days?"

"What do you care how high it goes? You and your associates in the pool will make no more and no less if it should go to par."

"We would like to close the option now. We will give you \$50,000 to call it off."

"Fifty thousand! You have found out that the stock is to be boomed, and you are willing to give up \$50,000 in order to hold the shares. Is that it?"

"No, it isn't. The fact is we are struck. We haven't got the stock to deliver, and so we want to settle now."

Dick whistled.

"So that's where the shoe pinches. I'm sorry, but I can't accept your offer. I expect the stock to be up to 90 by Wednesday. I have pretty good reason for believing that it will be. I can't afford to settle with you now under those circumstances."

"If it goes to 90 before the option is out it will cost us \$130,000."

"I can't help that. I'm in Wall Street to win, and I'm not going to throw away a fine chance to oblige anybody. No broker would, and you know it."

"Then you intend to see the option through?"

"I do."

"All right. We'll have to stand for it. But remember, young man, we won't forget the deal you are giving us."

"Don't make a kick because you have trapped yourselves. You went into the deal with your eyes open. I made you an offer and you took me up."

"I'll offer you \$75,000 for the option."

"I wouldn't take \$100,000 for it at this moment."

That settled it, and Green went away baffled and mad. When the market opened Wednesday morning O. & H. was going at 86. In one hour it jumped to 90. Then it went right up to par, and all the pool had to offer was just 3,000 shares, 2,000 of which they had been forced to give a high figure for. Dick walked around to Green's office.

"The stock is going at 100. You told me you didn't have any to deliver. Have you bought it in since?"

"We have got 3,000 shares," growled Green.

"Do you want to keep them and settle at 98?"

"We'll have to do whatever you say."

"I could insist on the market price, but I'll let it go at two points less. Hand me over a certified check for \$215,000, plus my deposit, and the option is yours."

Dick got the money, and that afternoon he handed Flint \$10,750 as his five per cent. of the profits.

"That's a whole lot more than you expected, Mr. Flint, isn't it?"

"You have made me rich," cried the old man, shaking with joy. "I am now worth \$13,000. The old wife and myself are provided for the rest of our lives, even if I never did another stroke of work."

"And look what I am worth—\$276,000. That's over a quarter of a million. If I was old enough I could buy a seat in the Exchange, and then I'd be on a par with any stockbroker."

"Your luck is phenomenal, even for a man, and you're only a boy."

"I suppose my iron nerve has had something to do with it. I had a pretty good nerve to entice those brokers into an option pool for 10,000 shares. I really only had \$37,500 up on the deal, and it netted me \$215,000."

The four members of the pool lost about \$50,000 apiece, and they were a mighty disgusted quartette. For a week they were on pins and needles lest the story of how they had been done up by the boy broker should get around among their acquaintances, but as Dick told no one but his bookkeeper about the deal, and he cautioned him not to make it public, the Street did not find out anything about the transaction. The four brokers, however, were determined to get back at the boy for trapping them, and they began to consider schemes looking to that end. Dick, having in mind Green's implied threat, expected they would endeavor to get square with him, and he kept a sharp lookout for traps.

But as he did not hear from any of them he concluded they had resolved to let him alone in the future.

One day he received a letter from Ted Coon. He had completed the necessary excavations on his claim and wanted Dick to come out West and look at it. So after talking it over with Bookkeeper Flint and leaving things in his charge Dick started for Gopher Flat. He reached there without experiencing any trouble, and on inquiring for Coon's claim, a man named Jenkins offered to pilot him to Ted's claim. So as soon as Dick had his dinner they started for the pocket in the mountain where Coon's claim was located.

CHAPTER XI—The Silver Lode.

It was a three-mile walk, but neither minded that. As the month was June, the weather was warm, and the way being rough in part, they went at a moderate pace, and even at that they perspired freely. Finally they reached the pocket and found Ted Coon resting after his mid-day meal, which he had brought with him. The cayuse he rode was tethered by a long line to a tree, where there was grass for him to nibble at and a stream of water from which he could slake his thirst. Coon was smoking his pipe and ruminating over the future he saw in his claim when the visitors appeared. He did not recognize Dick until he got close, and then he jumped up in surprise.

"Well, now, this here is a surprise to me.

Shake, sonny. Why didn't you write and say you was coming, then I'd have been on hand to meet you?"

"I thought I'd surprise you," said the boy broker.

"You've done that, all right. I'm mighty glad to see you. You couldn't have done a wiser thing than come out here. You needn't wait around here, Jenkins, unless you want to. I'll fetch the boy back when I come myself," said Coon.

That suited Jenkins, who wished to get back to the society of his chums on the hotel veranda, and he departed.

"If he'd stayed I couldn't have shown you the silver lode," said Coon. "Nobody knows anything about it, and I don't want them to till I've got hold of a few more claims. I'll take out one in my name, and you can take out two in yours. We will stake them off and have them registered at Silver Plume. Then after the preliminary excavations have been made, and the titles have been confirmed to us, there won't be no need of keeping quiet about the lode any longer."

After Dick has rested and cooled off, Coon took him to the place where the lode was.

"It begins here," he said, pointing to one of the excavations, "and that there trench I'm digging follows it. The object of the trench is to get a good line on the direction of the lode."

"That can be done because so far it's running about six feet below the surface. Mostly them lodes ain't to be found so near the top of the ground. I apprehend this one runs right into the mountain, and we must claim the ground in that direction. The worst of it is you can't tell nothing certain about the course they take. As far as you see the trench dug, it runs pretty straight, but I may lose it at any minute. It may drop right away and begin again somewhere in the mountain, and not straight ahead, either, or it may crop up a hundred feet below the surface in other part of the claim. That's why we should take up as much ground in this pocket as the law allows in order to guard against all chances. Even then we might get dumped. As things look now, I consider this is one of the richest mining properties in the Flat. How much money can you spare to work it after things are fixed?"

"I'll let you know later. Now show me the lode."

"All right, sonny," said Coon, who then got down into the excavation and proceeded to uncover the lode.

When he reached the rock he chipped off samples here and there and handed them to the boy.

"You may be no judge of silver quartz," he said, "but I reckon you can see it fairly bristles with the metal. My experience tells me it will assay at least \$400 to the ton, and that's considered mighty good. I've given you a quarter interest, but it was with the understanding that you were to furnish the capital to get things started. We can hardly get along with less than \$5,000, though, of course, \$10,000 would be better."

"Make your mind easy on the score of capital, Mr. Coon. I could advance \$50,000 if it was needed, and the prospects warranted the expenditure," said Dick.

The miner uncovered the lode at several places along the bottom of the trench so that the boy could see it actually ran there. Dick put in the whole afternoon with him and rode back to the hotel on the cayuse. After supper they retired to Coon's rooms and went over their plans. Three other claims were to be taken up, and Coon was to hire help to get the preliminary work done as soon as possible. Dick agreed to send Coon all the money he needed for the work. Next day they returned to the pocket and began staking out the boundaries of the new claims. It took them several days to complete the work and do it properly according to law.

Then they both took the stage and rode to Silver Plume, where they entered their applications in due form. Dick had brought a couple of hundred dollars with him, and this he handed over to Coon as soon as they had signed a partnership agreement, making each of them half owner of the four claims, and in which Dick bound himself to furnish the working capital as long as it was needed. Next day Dick started back East, via Denver, and duly arrived in New York. Old man Flint welcomed him back and gave him a full account of everything that had occurred during his absence. Dick told Flint all about the silver lode, and said it was on the claim all right, for he had seen it.

"We'll soon have a real mine in working order," he told the old man. "I have the money to push it. I had the samples assayed in Denver, and I'll show you the assayer's report. It comes up to Coon's statement that the lode would, in his opinion, average \$400 of silver to the ton."

That afternoon Dick encountered Hull on the street.

"I heard you called at my office several times while I was away," said the boy. "Do you want to see me?"

"Not now. I merely called to see if you had a certain stock I wanted," replied Hull. "Where were you?"

"I was out in Colorado looking over a piece of mining property."

"What mine is it you are interested in?"

"No mine at all yet, but it will be a mine one of these days."

"Some new prospect, eh?"

"Yes. It is rich in silver ore. The samples I took to Denver assay \$425 to the ton."

"How did you get hold of this alleged good thing?"

"By luck."

"You seem to be a lucky young man all around."

"I haven't any fault to find with my fortune so far."

"Well. I'm going into the Exchange. Good-by."

"While Dick had been out West, the six brokers—Green, Smith, Kemp, Dexter, Hull and Schulz—had frequently met and talked over other schemes to separate the boy from a portion of his money.

"Where in thunder could he have got the money to buy Packard out with?" said Green.

"Who said he bought Packard out?" asked the clerk, with a surprised look.

"I say he did. His name is on the floor of the suit occupied by Packard at the time he retired from business, as Packard's successor,

consequently it stands to reason that he bought him out."

"Then he must have found a backer. Maybe Drew loaned him the money."

"Why should he?"

"Well, Barrett saved the life of his little daughter one day. She would have been run down and killed by an auto, only Barrett was spry enough to save her in the nick of time. If he has money, he got it from Drew, you can depend on it."

This was news to Green, and he repeated it to his friends when next he saw them. Then Schulz remembered that when Dick closed out the option deal they had made, the boy had presented a heavy check signed by Drew, and certified at his bank. That settled the matter.

"We must get some of his money," said Green. "The young rascal took \$200,000 from four of us."

So the six put their heads together again to see how they could accomplish their purpose. It was about this time that Dick returned from Gopher Flat. On the following Monday the stenographer who worked for Packard up to the time he went to the wall called upon Dick. The young broker gave her a warm welcome and asked her where she was working. She told him, and expressed her surprise that he was in business for himself.

"I heard my employer talking about you, and I couldn't believe he really meant you," she said. "so I came here to satisfy myself."

"Well, are you satisfied?"

"Of course I am. The evidence is before me. How did you get the money to buy Mr. Packard out?"

"It didn't cost me much, for he had little to sell out—merely the furniture of the office. His trade was gone to seed and his good will amounted to nothing to speak of. I considered his name worth something, and allowed him for it, though I could have had it for nothing."

The stenographer, whose name was Miss Stetson, went into raptures over Dick's success, and finally came down to the real object of her visit.

"I got hold of a tip this morning," she said. "Three brokers were talking in our office. They didn't notice that I was within earshot. They said a combine had been formed to corner and boom S. & T., and they had each loaded up with the stock. One remarked that three days hence S. & T. would be ten points higher than it is now. If I had any money I would buy S. & T. as quick as a wink, but as I haven't, I thought I would give it to you. Maybe you'll give me a rake-off out of your profits."

Dick questioned Miss Stetson closely about the tip, and believing it to be all right, he told her he would go in and give her five per cent. of anything he made. She appeared to be delighted, and soon took her leave. She hadn't been gone many minutes before Broker Green called on Dick.

"I've come around as the representative of the pool you did up to see if we can't get even with you for taking \$200,000 out of our pockets," he said.

"How do you propose to do it?" laughed Dick.

"We'd like to sell you some stock and make a commission out of you. You must have lots of money by this time."

"But suppose I don't want to buy anything?"

"In that case I can't make you buy. I think you owe us something for getting the better of us. Give us an order for 10,000 shares of some stock on margin—S. & T., for instance, seems to be going up—and try your luck. We'll charge you the full commission each way, and that will give us the chance to make \$2,500 out of you," said Green.

Dick thought of his tip and chuckled to think that Green should mention the very stock.

"All right, Mr. Green. I'll oblige you. I'll give you an offer for 10,000 S. & T. on margin. Wait here till I get the deposit."

Dick went to his safe deposit vault and returned with one hundred \$1,000 bills, which he handed over to Green, and took a receipt and memorandum from him. Green thanked him for the big order and went away chuckling. Next morning Dick received a letter in the mail written in a female hand. He opened it and nearly fell off his chair when he read the following:

"Dear Mr. Barrett: I have been guilty of a very mean act, and I can't rest until I have tried to undo it. Yesterday I came to you in the guise of the friend and gave you a tip on S. & T. I was paid \$100 to do it and keep my mouth shut. The story I told you about the three brokers was a pure fabrication. The whole thing was a scheme put up by Broker Cyrus Green and five friends of his, you may know them—Smith, Kemp, Dexter, Hull and Schulz—to get square with you for something Green said you had done to them. They don't know that I overheard all their plans after I came back from your office, and I'm going to tell them to you, hoping it will help you, for I heard Green say that you had swallowed the bait and bought 10,000 shares of him at the market, which is 90. They are going to sell S. & T. heavily as soon as the market opens in the morning and force the price below 80, so as to wipe out your \$100,000 margin. That will give them the revenge they are looking for. Then they'll cover their short sales and make a big profit besides. Now that I have warned you in time, you can go right to Green and tell him to sell your stock at the opening figure. That will save you. I don't know what you think of me after this confession, but I am truly a very miserable girl, and I despise myself for the part I have taken in this affair. If you can forgive me it would make me happy to know it, but I do not expect you ever will.

"Carrie Stetson."

Dick slapped on his hat and ran over to Drew's office. The operator was in, and Dick laid the case before him. The gentleman grinned.

"I'll fix them," he said.

He sent his boy to the office of his chief broker on that floor, and the broker responded at once.

"Tell your story to Mr. Hale," said the operator to Dick.

The boy broker did so.

"Now, Mr. Hale, I want you to go to the Exchange and watch the S. & T. pool. Every time Green or any of his crowd offers the stock for sale, take it. Let them beat the price down if they can as far as it is safe for this young man's interests for it to go. Don't let it go any fur-

ther. Green and his friends will reach their limit, and as soon as they do, start in and bid up the stock as high as you can make it go and keep it there. Instead of robbing my young friend of \$100,000, Green and his clique will find themselves in a tight box when they are asked to deliver the shares they have sold to you."

The broker left to execute his orders, and soon afterwards Dick left, full of glee at the prospect that faced Green and his friends. Green began selling as soon as the Exchange opened, and so did the other five. Broker Hale took in all he could get, and the price dropped to 83. Then Hale, with two other brokers, began bidding the price up to Green and his crowd. They hustled to cover their short sales, but the price advanced so rapidly that it passed 90 before they secured half of what they needed. It went up to par and stopped. Then Dick walked into Green's office and told him to sell his 10,000 shares, thanking the gentleman for suggesting that he buy that stock. The result of it all was Green and his bunch lost over \$100,000 apiece, which crippled them, and caused the retirement of Hull, Schulz and Smith from business. Then Dick sent for Miss Stetson. She came with a shamefaced air.

"Miss Stetson, I will not reproach you for your conduct in giving me that fake tip," said Dick, "for you tried to undo the mischief at the earliest moment. I did not follow your suggestion to sell out, but let Green and his friends go on with their scheme as far as it was safe for my interests. Then things happened that has netted me a profit of \$100,000 and put Green and his company in a bad hole, for which they have to thank themselves and you. Though your tip was a fake, I have decided that you are entitled to five per cent. of my profits, so here is an envelope containing \$5,000 which I present to you with my compliments," said Dick.

The girl refused to take it, but Dick insisted, whereupon she burst into tears and declared he was heaping coals of fire on her head. In the end she took the money and they parted friends. Reader, with the baffling of the brokers, my story is done. Dick's mining operations have nothing to do with it, but we will say that they were a great success, and that he made a lot of money out of them. Eventually he and Ted Coon sold their mine out for a large sum, a company was formed to exploit the mine, and Dick became its Wall Street representative.

Next week's issue will contain "AFTER A SQUARE DEAL; or, THE RICHEST CLAIM IN THE WEST."

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"It's surprising how unpractical some very learned men are." "Yes, there's Prof. Lingvist for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways."

CURRENT NEWS

BEGGAR'S ROLL WAS \$10,000

After Samuel Moskowitz, tailor by vocation, but street beggar by avocation, had testified in Yorkville Court that he was unable to give his wife the \$5 a week awarded to her by the Domestic Relations Court, he was searched and found to be wearing a money belt containing \$10,000. Magistrate Smith ordered him held for investigation. He refused to explain the source of the money. He lives at No. 16 Rivington street, New York.

WALRUS HAD TOOTHACHE

Some years ago a walrus in Behring Sea had a terrible toothache.

Evidence of the suffering was brought to Seattle, Wash., in a shipment of ivory, when a huge walrus tusk with a high-powered rifle bullet imbedded deep in the hard substance, was found.

The lead apparently had been in the tusk for many years as several layers of ivory had grown ridges or rings around it. Naturalists here who have examined the tusk believe the bullet entered the head of a young mammal and imbedded itself in the part which later in life emerged from the head as a tusk.

NEEDLE PRICK IN WRIST RESULTED IN VERDICT FOR \$5,000.

A verdict for \$5,000 for disablement of a left wrist as the result of a needle prick, was re-

turned by a jury in Circuit Judge Rutledge's court for Mrs. Emma Davis against Thomas W. Garland, proprietor of a woman's apparel store, St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Davis, who sued for \$10,000, claimed that on Sept. 18, 1920, when employed as a seamstress at the store, she was laying out a piece of cloth on a table when a needle sticking up in the table struck her wrist and broke off. She testified that gangrene set in, and the arm is permanently disabled.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Bowling Green is an ancient fair grounds, the old Dutch market place for cattle and hogs. It was a drill ground for soldiers also. It was leased more than 200 years ago as a "bowling green," at an annual rental of one peppercorn. Every schoolboy knows what happened to the statue of George III, which was set up on the green. It was a leaden statue and made excellent bullets for patriot riflemen.

Frauncés's Tavern, the present home of New York Chapter Sons of the Revolution, was first built as a private residence by the founder of the De Lancy family, still represented in Manhattan. Samuel Fraunces bought it in 1762 and opened it as a tavern. It was in this tavern that Washington took leave of his generals after the Revolution.

ACT QUICK!

DON'T get left. Do you know what all the wise people are doing? (Here's your chance!) Why, they're getting the biggest bargain ever offered to a human being! Get in on this — it's a good tip! The smart people took our advice when we told them that we were giving a dollar's worth of reading matter for ten cents. Are you wise? You know what we mean: That little red book called "Mystery Magazine." It's a wonder! You ought to read those detective stories. Snappy! So puzzling and interesting you'll go wild over them. Everybody's talking about this magazine. Call it great! Only great authors write for it. And such stories. Gee! You ought to see them. Grip you. I tell you, reader, if you miss getting a copy you'll feel sorry when you finally wake up and discover that your neighbor beat you to it. Be sensible. Get one now! The nearest newsdealer has it in stock. Fall in line with all the wise ones and become a "Mystery" fan. We know you'll enjoy it!

Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

They found that the man had already cut one of the horses under the shoulder with his knife, but had made the self-punishing mistake of doing it to an animal of his own. The men had arranged the animals in the barn the evening before, and unknown to him had accidentally put his horse into a different stall.

The unfortunate animal, with the tendon of its leg cut, began to whinny and tremble in terrible pain.

"We'll have to shoot it," said the sheriff, in sympathy. "It's a terrible deed to do, for a horse can never get well from such a cut."

Matthews was cursing himself, as well as his captors.

"There, you see how crime will punish the man who does it, some way or other," said Dan Dobson. "You are the only loser by this, and you've tortured a fine horse and forfeited its life."

"Well, you'll git yours fer makin' me do it!" snarled Matthews. "They ain't no ten regiments of soljers who could go into this mountain country with Newcastle agin 'em, and live ter git out alive."

"Well, we ain't soldiers," declared Tom Dingle. "You'll know the difference after ye've been in the penitentiary a while, I reckon."

"Me in the pen?" cried Matthews. "What for?"

"For aiding the worst gang of moon-shiners, timber thieves and murderers in the whole State. Ye've put yourself jest as bad as they are."

This from the sheriff.

"And remember," declared Dan, "that when we get through with this hunt, the young lady, who was so handy with her whip, will be in the same penitentiary as you—only in the woman's ward."

The effect of this was magical.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Matthews, in a frightened way, "ye wouldn't do no harm to Nancy, would ye?"

"No, of course not. She will just have to take her punishment like the rest of them," answered the sheriff. "You know we may be killed, but the whole government is going to make this gang pay for it. The soldiers are on the way here now."

Matthews acted as though smitten by palsy.

He stammered, and clawed at his throat, trying vainly to make himself understood.

Dan whispered a few words to the sheriff, who nodded.

Then, said Dobson:

"Now, Matthews, you are in a bad pickle. We are going to send you back to headquarters, to await trial for your part in this affair."

"They can't never prove nothin' ag'inst me," stoutly maintained Matthews.

But Dan laughed and nodded toward the sheriff.

"You have betrayed yourself, and that's enough evidence for the law. My father is a government official, and so you can bet that you will get all the law allows. This young woman will, too, you can depend on that."

Matthews hesitated a minute.

"Why, she's my darter; I had her go down to the other farmhouse when you men came, to keep her outen sight. Ye ain't goin' ter hurt her?"

"Penitentiary for about twenty years—she's made her case as bad as the rest of you."

The sheriff said this in a deep voice.

It had the desired effect.

"Well, if I'm a goner, I'm a goner," said Matthews. "But cain't I square myself enough to save my gal?"

The sheriff was silent. Dan spoke up in his behalf very earnestly.

"Matthews, you know that this gang of rascals must meet their punishment some time. If you want to keep the girl out of it, I will refuse to testify against her about this, and the sheriff will leave her out of it, provided she doesn't help in fighting the law any more than she has. But you've got to pay for it."

"How?"

"If you can somehow get us through this country, into the heart of the mountain timber, by some of these roads so that Newcastle's men won't know we are on the trail, we will help her."

Matthews pondered.

"I'll lead ye by a secret path we men know about—and not many men at that. It leads you up within a mile of Newcastle's headquarters, on the other side of it from here. Yep, I'll lead ye."

The sheriff nodded.

"That's all right, then," he began, "and if you do, we'll not let a bit of harm come to the girl—"

But Dan interrupted.

"Sheriff, I advise that you leave the gentleman in care of one of your deputies, and make him give you a description of the route. If you send him on back to town, under guard, we will be sure that he can't signal any alarm, or lead us into any ambushade of Newcastle's."

The man started, and ground his teeth angrily.

"Ye're too durned smart fer a young feller!" he cried. "Now, ye jest find it yerselves."

This proved that he did plan some sort of trickery, and the sheriff was glad Dan had been so cautious.

"All right, then, we'll go and the girl will have to stand her chances for the penitentiary. Jim Heddon, you look after him, and take him into Colonel Dobson's office to-morrow. He'll be in the Federal prison before another twenty-four hours, for I'll have him jugged, without bail."

(To be continued)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

OLD LIQUOR WALLED UP FOR MANY YEARS

A wine cellar including Maryland rye, Kentucky bourbon and other good liquor has been "unwalled" by laborers razing the old Studio Building, Tremont and Broomfield streets, Boston, Mass., famed as the city's "inner temple of the fine arts."

It is believed that the carefully stored liquor was the property of George Snell, a noted architect and clubman of the city, who died three decades ago, failing to mention on his deathbed his precautions against drought.

The cellar was walled up in the foundations.

LAKE OF PETROLEUM

Somewhere in the western part of the Olympic Mountains there is a lake of pure petroleum. At several Indian camps near Quilliyute, Wash., the aborigines are using for fuel and light cedar sticks which have been soaked in oil.

That there is crude oil in the Northwest Mountains has been long suspected for two generations ago places were found where oil bubbled up through rock and shale formations.

An attempt is being made by local prospectors to discover the pool where the Indians make their "fire sticks" that burn a long time.

The oil showing is in a region easy of access and successful exploitation would yield millions.

LARGE SHARKS IN FRESH WATER LAKE

A Philadelphia despatch of recent date stated that a twelve-foot shark had been shot and killed in the Delaware River at Tacony, and went on to say: "How it managed to get nearly 100 miles from its native ocean haunts is a mystery."

That sharks occasionally ascend rivers into fresh water, there can be no doubt, though in Northern latitudes they do not remain there. However, there is at least one notable instance that in the tropics they do stay in fresh water.

Lake Nicaragua, at the head of the San Juan River, at least 125 miles from the Atlantic, in a straight line, is simply alive with man-eating sharks, many of them monsters. It is common to see them lying just below the surface, as if waiting to seize any hapless individual unlucky enough to fall into the water.

That they are not a fanciful menace to life is proved by statistics, which show that twenty-five persons annually fall victims to them in the lake. It is noteworthy that they are of the same species found in the Caribbean Sea, and it is supposed they ascend the river to the lake. It is also worthy of note that Lake Nicaragua is the only body of fresh water in the world known to be inhabited by sharks.

SPIDERS THAT TELL THE WEATHER

When you go aboard a ship that has just come into port, look around for huge spider webs that look as if they have been there for ages. Many

old sailors make pets of spiders for a very good reason. They say that if people on land would only study a spider's web closely they need never be caught in a storm.

This is because a spider knows just the kind of weather we are going to have, and they know hours and hours before any other creature.

In a spider's web, as you know, there are numerous strands used to fasten the network of lines securely to walls or posts. These strands are sometimes longer or shorter than otherwise, depending on the kind of weather coming.

When there is a storm coming on, or a very strong wind, Mrs. Spider hastens to shorten the long silky threads from which her web hangs. If she is busy making the threads longer, then sailors know that is a sure sign the weather is to be calm and nice.

Should the insect leave off work, there is some rain about. When the rain comes and Mrs. Spider still keeps busy, then the rain will be merely a shower, followed by fine weather.

If, just before sunset, the sailor notices his pet spider does not make any changes in its web, he knows the night will be clear and beautiful. Most spiders make changes in their webs every twenty-four hours, according to the weather.

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The Famous Detective Story Out Today In No. 111 Is
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By BULAH POYNTER

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New York City

THE DOG KNEW

By JOHN SHERMAN

We were discussing dogs and their instinct and intelligence, when Captain Clark, a native of Illinois, related an incident that will bear repeating to the general public.

About ten years ago the captain purchased some land on the south branch of the big Wichita River, Texas, and a few months later went out to make arrangements for establishing a ranch. He took with him a large shepherd dog of great natural intelligence. From Fort Worth he journeyed to within twenty-five miles of his destination by rail. At the fort he hired a horse for a week, got his directions about the roads, and set off in good spirits. It was lovely weather and a bracing atmosphere, and the captain was jolly enough until, after the first five miles had been covered, he noticed that Prince, the dog, was acting in a very queer manner.

Three different times the dog headed the horse as if to turn him back, and when this did not avail he sat down in the road and howled in the most dismal manner. The captain got down to look him over, but could find nothing wrong. He left the town at two o'clock in the afternoon, calculating to stop over night at a ranch eighteen miles distant, and, after wasting a quarter of an hour with the dog, he remounted and rode on. Prince howled louder than ever, and by and by followed on, with his tail and ears down, as if in great trouble.

Two things happened to prevent the captain from reaching the ranch as he had planned. A thunderstorm drove him to the shelter of a grove for an hour, and in pursuing his journey again he got among the cattle trails and lost his way. The dog kept up his strange conduct, and once or twice the captain was on the point of shooting him, believing that he had gone mad. It was nine o'clock in the evening, with another storm threatening, when the horseman drew up at a cabin on a small creek flowing into the Wichita. In response to his call an evil-looking woman about 40 years old came to the door, and to his request to be accommodated for the night she granted a ready reply in the affirmative. While the horse was being cared for in a brush stable the man of the house came home, having been out hunting.

He had a face even more vicious than the woman's and but for the breaking of the storm Clark would have resumed his journey. The woman had no questions to ask, but the man was full of them. The captain evaded some and answered others untruthfully, but yet the settler got an idea of who he was and what had brought him into the neighborhood. The last seen of the dog was when Clark rode up to the house, Prince halting 500 feet away and howling, but after a few minutes his noise ceased and no more was seen or heard of him.

At ten o'clock, with the storm still raging, Captain Clark went to bed. There were two rooms

in the house with a bed in each room, and he had the front room.

There was neither lock nor catch on his door, and he kept it closed by placing a light stand against it. He had gone to the door and whistled for Prince before removing his clothes, but the dog had in no manner responded. Nevertheless, the captain was only fairly in bed when the dog came to the outer door, sniffed about for a minute, and then set up a howling. The master got up to let him in, but he ran away. It now seemed plain that Prince was mad, and the captain made up his mind to shoot him the first thing in the morning.

Captain Clark tells his story as follows:

"It was after midnight when I was awakened.

"The dog had his nose at the bottom of the door, and was howling loud enough to scare the dead. My first thought was to get up and shoot him, but as I heard a movement in the next room I hesitated for a moment. I heard the man walk across the floor in his bare feet and open the back door and go out. No doubt he had gone to drive Prince away, and I settled back in bed and thanked him for it. The dog ran off, but though I listened long and intently, I did not hear the man return. I did hear something between a groan and a shout, but supposed he had cried out to the dog. The storm was over now, and the light of the moon flooding into the room, and as I turned over to woo sleep again my face was toward the door, and I saw that the door was ajar. I rose up on my elbow to get a better look, and at that instant the door was pushed further open and in came the woman. She had a light axe in her hands, and no sooner had she made out that I was awake than she sprang forward and struck at me with all her might.

"She struck at my head, and I drew myself downward, with only an inch or two to spare. As the blow fell I twisted myself out of bed, and before the woman could strike again I had her. I weighed 165 pounds, and there are few men who can lay me on my back, but I tell you I had to exert myself to conquer that woman. She had muscle and pluck, and it was not until I got a good hold on her throat that she wilted. Our struggle lasted fully five minutes, and during all that time Prince was at the door barking and growling in the most furious manner. I had just worsted the woman when the dog came in by way of the back door, and he would have killed her if I had not restrained him. I told him to stand guard, and then proceeded to strike a light and dress myself.

"I couldn't understand what had become of the husband. With the light in one hand and my revolver in the other, I inspected the back room, but he was not there. I had heard him pass out, and why had he not returned? I looked out of the back door, and the mystery was explained. There lay the man on the broad of his back, feet drawn up and arms extended, and he was dead. I could see no wound, and I knew that no pistol had been fired. After hesitating a bit, I seized hold of him and turned him over, and there in his back, driven clear up to the hilt, was a knife. I did not attempt to pull it out, but returned to the woman. She had recovered from the choking

and was sitting up, but Prince would permit no further move. I had no sooner entered the room than she began to revile me, and indulging in the most terrible threats.

"It was not until daylight that I had a satisfactory explanation. The couple had determined from the first to murder me. About midnight, or as soon as the storm passed over me, my horse was saddled and led out. They knew I was armed, but heard me snore in my sleep, and the man had the door open almost wide enough to admit his body when Prince came back and awoke me with his howling. The man retreated and went outdoors, to settle the dog. There was a clothes-line stretched from the corner of the cabin to a tree, and as he was moving rapidly along this caught him under the chin and flung him backward.

"He had the knife in his hand, and as he fell it was twisted about in such a manner that he fell upon it.

"The dog was perfectly natural after my safety was assured, and was my best friend for years after."

WAYS OF A DETECTIVE

"What are you doing there?"

The man to whom it is addressed is a short, thick-set man; there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is the most commonplace man I have met for some time. He is simply leaning against a pile of boxes, trunks and the like at a railroad station. Upon first glance he looks like a sleepy old fellow who may have drank more than a flagon of rum, or he may have walked a long distance, and therefore he is fatigued.

That man is one of the sharpest detectives in the State of Massachusetts.

Quickly, without moving a muscle, without looking up again, he answers, in a low, distinct voice:

"Don't speak to me now; I'm watching a man."

Presently the crowd gets thicker. The sleepy gentleman by the trunks becomes aroused. He moved about very rapidly among the people. What will he do?

Hardly is there time to walk ten paces when he has disappeared. The train thunders into the station and the people went aboard. The man was nowhere.

That night one of the boldest burglars was arrested and lodged in jail. He was arrested on that train, and by the sleepy man.

The arrest was accomplished thus: As a rough-looking man with a tin pail in his hand walked quickly from the depot to the train the detective followed him closely, and just as he was about to put his foot on the step he tripped and fell to the platform. In an instant the detective fell on top of him.

The two men were assisted into the car, and then the detective apologized for having fallen on him. They sat down together in the smoking car, the old-fashioned detective took out of his pocket a lot of cakes and apples, and they began to eat and talk about the news.

"That was a bad bit of work those fellows done there in Boston. Did you see the evening papers?"

"What do you mean?" said the man.

"Why, that safe burglary last night."

"Was there a burglary?"

"Yes; didn't you hear of it? Why, they stole over \$100,000 worth of cash securities and bonds from the — Bank."

"Indeed! Any arrests?"

"Not yet, but the officers are close on the tracks of the leader of the gang named Ridgewood."

Just at this moment a man arose from the seat behind and walked out of the car. He passed on into the next car.

"That's our man," whispered the detective to his apparently injured companion. The two men arose and passed into the next car after the fellow who had arisen.

They caught up to the man as he was going out of the next car. The train was stopping at a short station. The man got off. He was arrested.

"How did you know that was Ridgewood?" was asked of the detective.

"Because when I mentioned his name he started and left the car. There is something about a criminal that gives him away to a practiced eye. I saw that man on the platform—he was walking up and down. He did not walk more than eight feet before he would turn and walk back again. At this I became aroused and watched him closer.

"It was when I tripped up my friend that I wanted to avoid suspicion; the burglar was behind us; the man who fell first is one of the best detectives in Boston. He was dressed like a workman and carried a pail. When we fell the man whom we were following did not notice us, but hurried into the cars; all the other people stopped and looked on.

"The man went directly to the smoker, and lit a cigar nervously; he drew his hat over his eyes, and nestled down in his seat, apparently engrossed in his newspaper. The man read the same paper for a long time. He did not seem to be interested in it at all, although his eyes were intently upon it. They were only on one spot. We sat down in front of him, and began to eat apples and talk. When I mentioned the name of Ridgewood he started from his reverie. I looked him square in the eye. He got up and left the car. He was our man.

"Oh, about the eight-foot walk? Well, you see, an old criminal who has done time will never get out of the habit of walking up and down as he has done so long in his cell. He will only go about eight feet; that is the regulation length of cells. He does this unconsciously, and even though he may guard himself against it, before he knows it he will begin to walk up and down.

"Of course," said the detective, "no man gives himself up to justice—no criminal tells the detective that he is the man. We are compelled to judge from our experience. A criminal has a certain look, a peculiar way of moving secretly, even in public places—in hotels, at theatres, all over. No one but a skillful man in criminal work can tell the difference, but their actions are readily apparent—they become a larger part of the criminal's nature; he cannot cast off himself."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

THE OLDEST CLOCK

The oldest clock in this country is owned by J. Colwell of Loveland, Colo. Colwell's clock is of the grandfather type and is more than 200 years old. Despite its age the clock keeps perfect time, Colwell says. All the wheels are hand carved from hard wood. The only metal parts are the springs. Two hundred and two years ago one of Colwell's ancestors purchased the clock at a public sale in England.

10,000 ROUBLES, 90 CENTS

Passengers arriving on the Aquitania recently said that firms in London were advertising ten thousand Russian roubles for the equivalent of ninety cents, American currency and every purchaser of 50,000 for \$4 would be given 1,000 Polish marks gratis.

The roubles were genuine Deniken Bank notes, the advertisements stated, and would rise to their normal value when the normal prosperity of Russia has been restored. For the equivalent of \$16 the purchaser obtains 250,000 of the rouble notes and 10,000 Polish marks free.

NEW ZEALAND SHIPS APPLES TO COAST

Shipments of New Zealand pears and apples are arriving in Seattle, Wash., for distribution over the Northwest. The fruit is the first of the regular Autumn harvest of the Antipodes and the quality compares favorably with the produce of our own country. The planting of apple orchards in New Zealand followed closely the exploitation of the industry in the Northwest, many of the trees now bearing in the islands being propagated here.

Every October large cargoes of apples, pears and peaches are sent in cold storage to Australia and New Zealand. Now that these island are in the beginning of their Fall harvest, the growers are shipping fruit here to an almost bare market.

Large Flemish pears arriving here from New Zealand weigh two and three pounds each. The varieties of apples received are Jonathan, Snows and Delicious.

BET \$5 HE COULD SWALLOW 6 NAILS

After swallowing five nails on a \$5 bet Charles Rogers, 28, lost the bet and probably will lose his life. Surgeons are greatly interested in the case.

Rogers made a bet with two comrades he could swallow six 2½-inch nails. He downed five, but by the time he reached the sixth he suffered such pain that he quit and his friends, refusing to pay, left. Rogers, in great agony, walked thirty miles into London to a hospital. The doctors took an X-ray and found four of the nails had lodged in the stomach and one in the bronchial tube. The latter being the most serious they operated immediately on the windpipe and finally got the nail. Meanwhile pneumonia developed and is becoming so serious it is impossible to attempt to remove the nails from the stomach. The doctors declare that regardless of Rogers' foolishness the case has opened up interesting surgical problems.

LAUGHS

"Do you really believe, Miss Hicks, that ignorance is bliss?" "I don't know. You seem to be happy."

"Did your uncle mention you in his will?" "Just barely—it read: 'To my nephew, John, I bequeath nothing.'"

Husband—Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills? Wife—Good gracious! What do you do with the rest of your money?

"You should have been in the suffragette parade, my dear." "So?" "It was delightfully dangerous. Many of the girls were annoyed by horrified men." "Indeed." "For the first time in their lives."

"Really, Elizabeth," declared Mr. Spendaghast, the father of a large family of girls, "we must economize. We must husband our resources." "Husband our resources!" replied Mrs. S. "It strikes me, Mr. Spandaghast, you'd better husband your daughters."

A three-year-old tot was taken to the Zoo to see the animals. When the nurse brought her home her mamma said: "Darling, did you see the big tiger in his cage?" "Yeth," lisped the little one. "We dest looked at him—we didn't go in."

"Sir," said the office boy to his employer, "as you know very well that my family is in perfect health, I ask you to let me off this afternoon to go to the ball game." "Young man," replied the boss, "you are entirely too honest. I have my suspicions of you. You are fired."

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FROM ALL POINTS

A FREAK PIG.

A freak pig with two mouths, two tongues and two throats, has been born on the farm of W. S. Potard, Brock, Neb. These parts are all perfectly formed and the animal is normal in every other way. Animals born with two heads are not uncommon, but the Potard pig is a real curiosity. Because of the location of its two mouths the pig was unable to eat in nature's accustomed way, and it is being raised by hand.

A TALE OF WEALTH FROM A TOMB

Mexican archaeologists are to investigate a strange story concerning the French archaeologist, Count Brisac de Saint Denis, who recently died in Paris. It is circumstantially asserted that while doing research work in Mexico, near Comala, he discovered the tomb of an ancient Toltec king, in which was a collection of pearls, opals and gold dust worth \$10,000,000, and that he managed to smuggle this wealth out of the country. All that is absolutely certain is that the Count did investigate some old ruins near Comala about 1910.

OAT SPROUTS IN EAR, NEW HAVEN MAN DIES

Medical authorities are greatly interested in the death of Peter Everson, an employee of a local coal yard. He died early April 21, of meningitis at Grace Hospital as a result of an oat kernel sprouting in his ear.

Local physicians say the case is the first of the kind in medical history. Several days ago Everson suffered from earache. He removed an oat kernel from his ear and found a sprout of considerable length. The earache continued, however.

He consulted Dr. Ed T. Falsey, who gave him local treatment and advised that he see a specialist. Everson grew worse. He became delirious, the pupils of his eyes dilated, his neck became rigid and he lapsed into coma. A quantity of the spinal fluid was removed, but without avail.

How the oat kernel became lodged in his ear is not known.

AMERICAN POSTAGE STAMP FETCHES \$15,000 IN PARIS

The highest price ever paid for an American postage stamp was that which was handed over by Griebert, the London philatelist, in the third day's sale of the Baron Ferrari de la Renotiere collection.

Mr. Griebert paid 123,375 francs for the only known specimen of Boscawen, N. H., issue of 1846—more than \$15,000 with the 17½ per cent. sales tax, for a stamp whose face value was five cents.

At the end of the sale Mr. Griebert admitted he was buying for A. Hind, an American manufacturer, whose stamp collection is one of the most noted in the United States.

A five cent stamp bearing the watermark of Alexandria, N. Y., brought \$6,000. It was bought by Warren H. Colson of Boston, who won also a Baltimore ten cent stamp at the same price.

FAIRY-WHEEL MOTORS TO GLIDE OVER SAHARA

A Government expedition started in January to cross the Desert of Sahara from Tuggurt to Timbuctoo in automobiles with caterpillar wheels so light they will pass over the slightest impress.

Success will mean a great step in the advance of civilization. It would make possible the linking up of vast stretches of the world hitherto undeveloped, because making road or rail communications was too costly and hazardous.

China has both eyes on the French experiment, realizing what it would mean to that land of few roads and vast spaces.

It would permit the linking up of the French colonies in North Africa with those of equatorial Africa, which has unceasingly been striven for with various forms of locomotion. When the automobile became a commercially possible means of travel, attempts were made to establish regular service across the sands of equatorial Africa. It was thought that the pneumatic tire would triumph where the solid wheel was impossible. But the experiments of twenty years ago were an utter failure. With the rubber "bitten" into holes by the grit, or the whole machine engulfed in the drifts, not a single car reached its destination, most of them being abandoned in the open desert.

Efforts to develop communication by aeroplane met with some success, but hope for the future is now almost wholly based on automobile service made feasible by the Kegresse-Hipstin wheel or propeller, as the experts prefer to call it, with its remarkable distribution of weight of 100 grams per square centimetre. In experiments last winter on the snowclad slopes of Mont Revard the car passed over deep "pockets" with little more wrinkling of the face of the snow than would have been caused by a pair of snowshoes. Climbing capacity was proved on the steep sides of the Paris fortifications.

When the cross-Sahara expedition sets out in January the wheels will not be fitted to ordinary automobiles from the Citroen factory (the French Ford). There will be twelve cars, each having a tank to hold fifty gallons of gasoline and each trailing a tank-reservoir holding 150 to 200 gallons. This supply is calculated to be sufficient to enable the party to cover the 1,800 miles from Tuggurt to Timbuctoo, without re-victualling, at the rate of 120 miles a day, making fifteen days for the complete journey.

The scheme has been developed by the War Minister and the Colonial Minister. The party will include representatives from these state departments and three scientists, representing the Department of Public Instruction, one a geologist. To make the results known to the world, invitations will be extended to a novelist, a journalist and a movie man.

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GOOD READING

PET MONKEY DESTROYS EVIDENCE

A pet monkey owned by Frank M. Sweeney, of Chester, Pa., must have been trained as a bootlegger's pet, according to the story told by police who took part in the raid on Sweeney's home here.

The monkey, it is related, seized as many bottles of illicit liquor as he could carry when the raiders entered the house. The agile little animal carried the rum to the roof, where, while the raiders looked on, he poured the contents of the bottles into the street below.

LEGEND OF "BARNACLE" GEESE

Some said they were wild duck, some said they were brant. Their subdued calls of alarm as a Fort Lee ferryboat approached the flock in the dusk, causing them to rise from the water in a bewildered shadow of the Palisades, were reminiscent of early spring days when birds of passage are winging high overhead.

One of the homegoing commuters was an ornithological fan and he pronounced the visitors to be barnacle geese.

"Well, that's just another name for brant," retorted a friend and neighbor of the Palisades.

"No, it isn't," said the ornithological fan, "but the two are often confused in this country, where the real barnacle goose is only an occasional visitor. I've seen it along the Scottish coast and know it pretty well. It's a handsome bird, strikingly marked in bars of white and black and gray. Also, it's very good eating. But the most remarkable thing about it is the legend connected with it.

"The barnacle goose breeds in the Arctic and that made it something of a bird of mystery to our simple forefathers. As they couldn't find its nest or its eggs or its goslings they sagely concluded that it was not like other birds, and the whole world of scholasticism and theology agreed that the barnacle goose came out of a barnacle.

"This was in England and all over Europe in the Middle Ages. Do you see those barnacles crusted on the piles below high water mark? Well, some barnacles grow as big as eggs, and sometimes they're found on the roots and trunks of trees that grow on the water's edge, and I suppose that helped to establish the legend.

"I have a picture at home, a woodcut in the old 'Herbal' of Gerard in the sixteenth century, which shows a tree covered with barnacles like fruit, with the little barnacle geese in all stages emerging from the barnacles and dropping to the water where others are swimming about.

"Learned churchmen accepted the tale without question and an animated theological controversy arose as to whether the bird was flesh or fish.

"You see, it was important to know whether it could be eaten on Fridays and fast days. And everybody was delighted when the ecclesiastical authorities gravely ruled that the goose was a fish and might be eaten on days when flesh was prohibited to good Christians. Meatless days lost

their terrors when it became possible to carve a fat barnacle goose at the tables of the pious!"

FINDS PRE-CAESARIAN ROMAN CALENDAR

A most interesting discovery was made recently at Anzio, in the Roman Campagna. It was of a calendar made of plaster and much earlier than the calendar as made by Julius Caesar in the year 46 B. C. This calendar evidently dates back to between 163 B. C. and 84 B. C., and is the only one yet found which ante-dates that of Julius Caesar.

Some parts of it are missing, but the rest shows that it was based on a lunar year of 353 days divided into twelve months of 29 and 31 days, with a thirteenth month, called intercalary, of 27 days, interposed every alternate year after February. Under this system the year had an average of 366½ days—that is, four days more than a solar year should have.

Inevitable confusion arose from this, and the College of Priests had the right to intervene and correct it whenever they chose by omitting the intercalary month. It was because they often did it for political reasons that Julius Caesar decided to reform the calendar and intrusted the work to the celebrated mathematician and astronomer Sosigenes. He based his calendar on the solar year in place of the lunar, and made it one of 365 days.

The year 46 B. C. when this took effect was called the "annus confusionis" (year of confusion), because, in order to make the year 45 begin with the new sun, ninety extra days had to be inserted in the year.

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ONEIDA INDIANS WIN LAND WORTH \$4,000,000

After a legal fight lasting eight years, the Oneida Indians have won title to one of the finest residential tracts in Oneida, N. Y., conservatively estimated to be worth \$4,000,000, and are now free to quit the Onondaga tribe's swampy reservation, near Syracuse, where they have been living as outcasts, and take possession of the property.

This became known recently with the announcement of a decision of the United States Supreme Court denying the appeal of J. H. Boylan, one of the property owners and defendant in a suit brought by Chief Honoust of the Oneidas. It affirms the decision of Federal Judge George George Ray of Norwich, setting aside title of the white man to the contested property and restoring it to the original owners.

More than thirty years ago when Oneida was experiencing its first expansion boom the contested area was held by treaty by the Oneida Indians as their reservation under Federal jurisdiction.

Oneidians desired to throw that territory open to whites, and with State aid offered the Indians ten acres of land in Wisconsin for every acre relinquished on the reservation.

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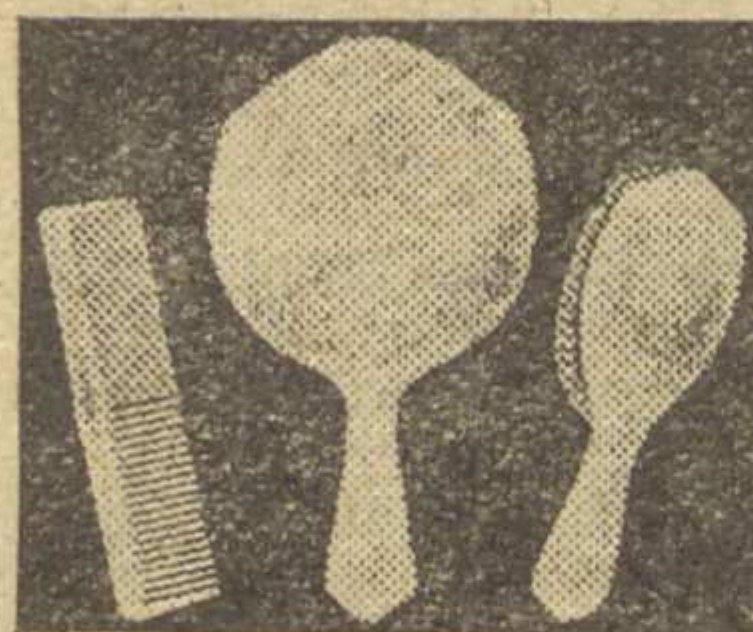
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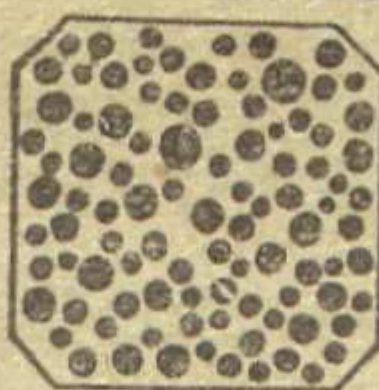
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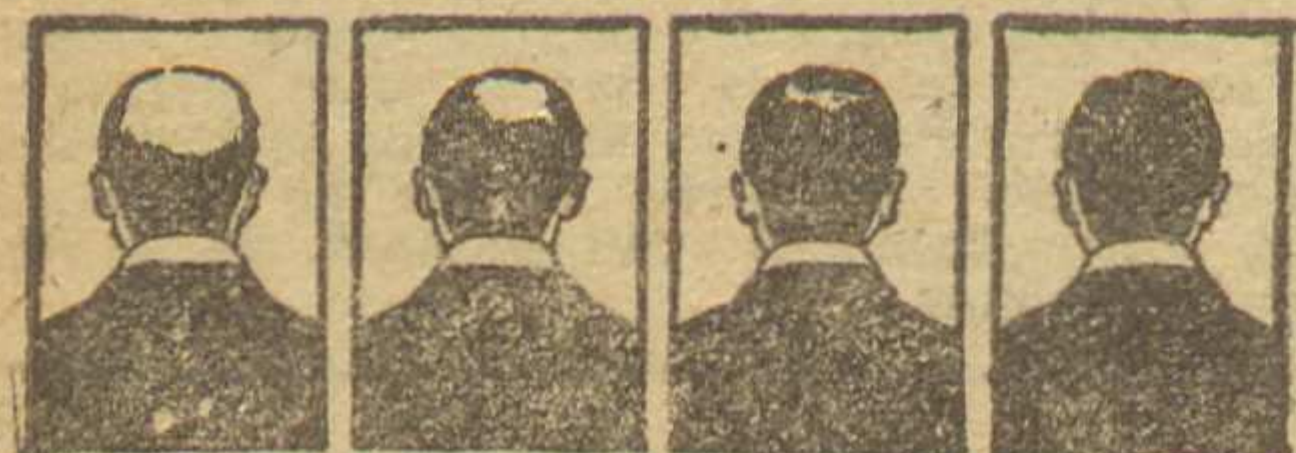
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SIAMESE A PECULIAR PEOPLE

The Siamese people are well formed, of medium height and olive complexions, somewhat darker than the Chinese. Their eyes are slightly oblique, their noses flat and prominent, and their faces wide across the cheek bones.

Most of the men wear small mustaches, but those that have latent beards pluck them out. They are Buddhists, and almost every man dons the yellow robe of the priest for a time. Through the monastic system of schools nearly all the men learn to read and write, but most of the women are illiterate.

There is no caste system, and the lowest born may attain the highest offices, if his capacity permits. There are no hereditary titles. The King has a Council of Ministers and also a Legislative Council of some forty members.

The Siamese believe that the arteries are filled with air, and that diseases are caused by deranged functioning of this air. After the birth of a child the mother has to lie thirty days roasting in front of a hot fire.

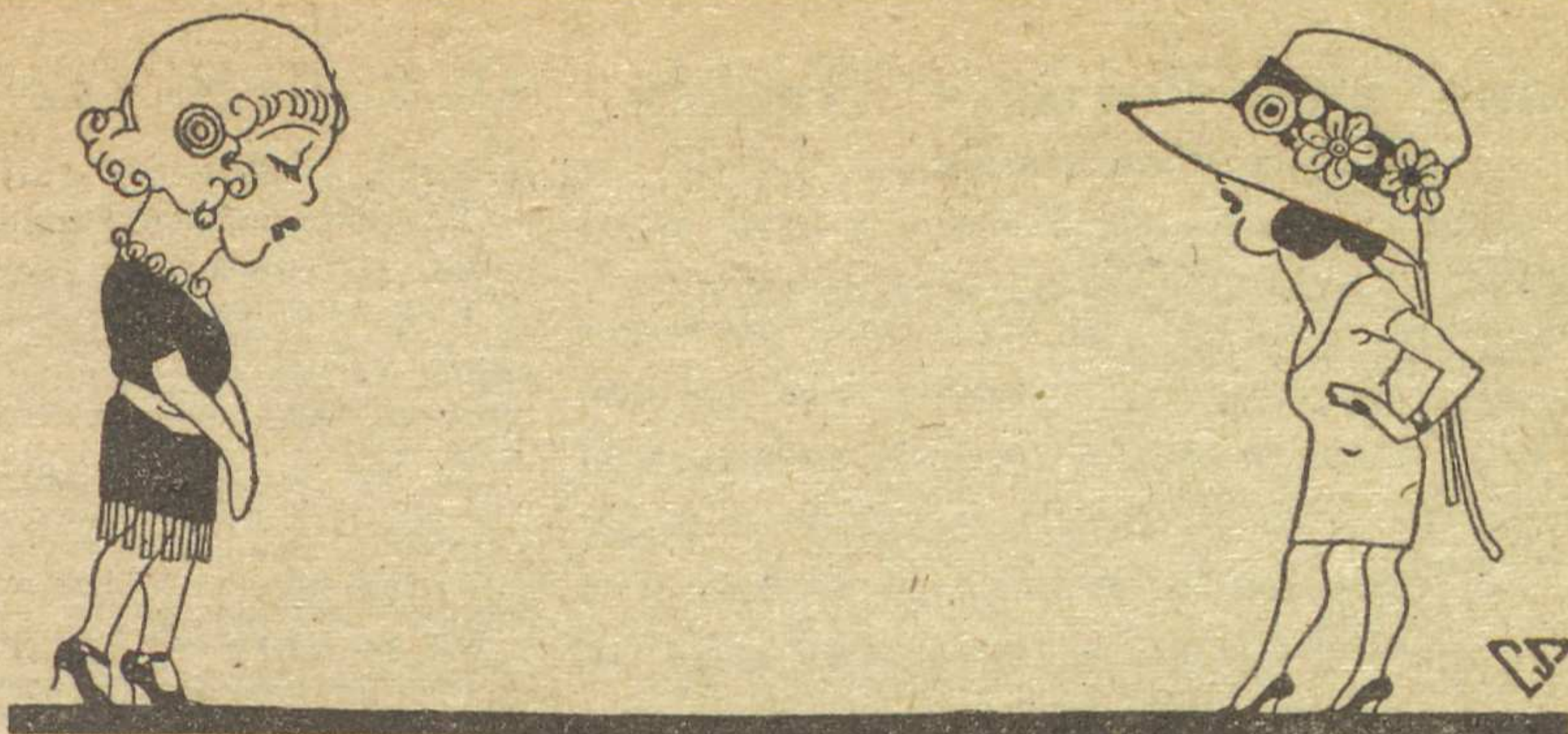
When a man gets sick he calls in a doctor and agrees with him on a fixed sum for a cure. If he dies, or fails to get well, the doctor gets nothing.

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But if they find that they are being overtaken and it is impossible to escape from their foes, they turn their babies out of their pouches and scamper off faster than ever. Although this action may appear to be somewhat unkind, yet, in reality, it is done for the best of reasons, for if the mother manages to get away from her pursuer, owing to her being no longer burdened with the weight of her infant, she afterward returns to look for her offspring, and once again puts it in pouch.



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